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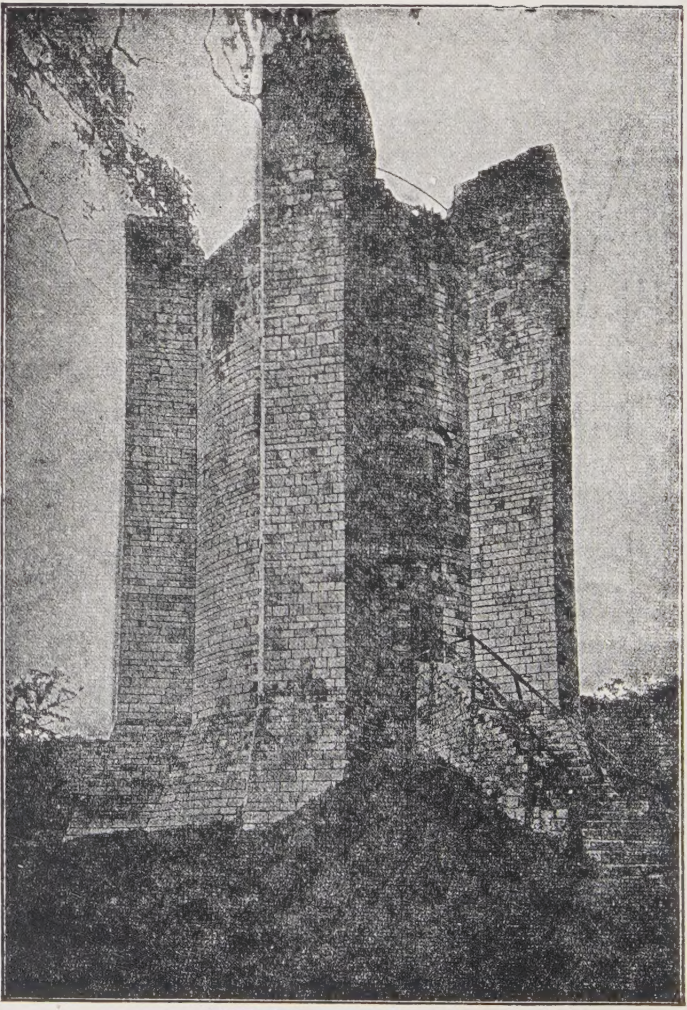
# IVANHOE



CONINGSBURGH CASTLE.

Frontispiece.

*St. Martin's Classics*

# IVANHOE

BY

## SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

*Abridged and Edited with Introduction, Notes Glossary, etc., by*

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# INTRODUCTION

IVANHOE (published 1820) was one of the later "Waverley" novels. The author, Sir Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1771, and educated for the profession of a Barrister, had gradually come to devote the greater part of his life to literature, his first great success in prose being a novel entitled WAVERLEY, or *'Tis sixty years since* (*i.e.* 60 years from 1805, when the first few chapters of the book were actually written). The events of the story were supposed to take place during the rebellion of 1745, and of the thirty volumes in all which followed *Waverley*, twenty-one are based upon history. It is often said that Scott "created the Historical Novel." Perhaps the best way of understanding what is meant by this is (I.) to consider some of the causes that led to this particular kind of writing, and (II.) to examine *Ivanhoe* itself, and to see of what elements it is composed.

(I.) There are fashions in literature, as in dress, architecture, food, etc. People weary of reading or hearing one kind of tale, or one kind of poem. And the writers themselves weary of imitating each other, and cast about in their minds for some new thing to tell about. The earlier English novelists, such as Fielding and Richardson, wrote stories of persons living in their own time, and made them as near as they could to "real life." A little later, there came to be a taste for stories of a more exciting (*Romantic*) kind, containing unnatural, unusual, or even impossible incidents. At the same time there arose a number of historians, such as Hume (*History of England*, 1754-62), Robertson (*History of Scotland*, 1759, etc., etc.), Gibbon (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 1776-88), Turner (*History of the Anglo-Saxons*, 1799-1805), who, by their excellent

style and method, excited a wide interest and increased the general knowledge of history. Other circumstances led to attention being called, not only to historical events, such as battles and parliaments and the lives of kings, but to all that was actually left of the past life of nations, their clothing, their armour, dwellings, and furniture, in short, to everything that is included in the word *Archaeology,* or what was formerly called *Antiquities.*

In like manner, great interest was felt in the old English and Scottish Ballads, which relate the legendary history of such heroes as Robin Hood, Wallace, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Scott himself was a great collector of Ballads, as well as of other Antiquities, and among his earliest writings were the prefaces and notes that he contributed to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802), two volumes of poems of the kind formerly sung by wandering bards or minstrels. His own parents and grandparents had lived through exciting (*Romantic*) times in actual history, such as the rebellions of the '15 and the '45, in which the Pretender, James, the son of James II, and "Prince Charlie" had endeavoured successively to make good their claims to the English crown. His mother was full of anecdote and legend concerning these events, as well as of the wild fightings and adventures of the earlier days among Border and Highland Scots. He read widely in other languages besides his own, especially in German and Italian, both of authentic history and of romantic tales. Thus his thoughts lived almost as much in the past as in the present, and, in walking the streets of Edinburgh, he would see with the eyes of his mind the great personages of history, Queen Mary, Dundee, or Montrose, as the case might be, when some relic of antiquity, a bit of old stone carving, or an ancient narrow lane, met his vision. He wrote stories in verse, such as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *The Lady of the Lake,* and *Marmion,* in which real and imaginary characters are mixed, and thus obtained high reputation as a poet. *Waverley* (1814) was published anonymously, and its success was so immediate and permanent

that the author henceforth spent the greater part of his life in writing novels of a similar kind.

The best known of these are *Old Mortality* (1816), *Rob Roy,* and the *Heart of Midlothian* (1818), all dealing with some period of Scottish History; *Kenilworth* (1821), in which one of the principal parts is played by Queen Elizabeth; *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822), laid in the reign of James I., and *Quentin Durward* (1823), a story of a Scottish Archer in the service of Louis XI, of France. *Ivanhoe* itself is notable as being the first of the "Waverleys" which concerns English History rather than Scottish.

(II.) *Ivanhoe* is not based on any *series of historical events,* in the same way as *The Talisman, e.g.,* is based on the third Crusade. It corresponds rather to the chapters in old-fashioned history books, which were headed, *"Condition of the People,"* or *"Manners and Customs."* The author himself called it a "Tale of Chivalry," and the *contrast between Norman and Saxon* which is the principal subject, historically considered, of the story, refers to a state of things which existed for an indefinite period rather than to the events of a particular year. The date is, however, fixed by the one definite fact of Richard's return to England after his imprisonment, which occurred in 1194. But the circumstances of that return, as described by Scott, are far remote from what actually took place. The facts of history, so far as they are referred to in *Ivanhoe,* are as follows:

In 1192 Philip of France received and sent to John information of Richard's capture by the Archduke of Austria, on his return from the Crusade. Prince John, in Richard's absence, *had overthrown the authority of the generally detested Regent,* William of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, and had seized on the royal castles of Tickhill and Nottingham. He hastened to France, on hearing of his brother's imprisonment, and made secret agreements with Philip for mutual aid against their common enemy, Richard. Then, returning to England, he spread abroad the news that Richard was dead, and when the justiciars (officers who maintained order next to the Regent)

refused to acknowledge him as king, he took up arms. There were skirmishes and loss and gain of castles between the two parties, Eleanor, the Queen Mother, taking the side opposed to John, and working to collect Richard's ransom, *which was subscribed for with remarkable willingness by the bulk of his subjects.* In July 1193 the *billet mentioned on page* 58 was sent by Philip. It meant that the terms of Richard's release had been finally agreed upon. John thereupon returned to France and continued his intrigues with Philip. Richard was set at liberty in February, 1194, and landed in England in March. He afterwards crossed to Normandy, and finally met there his rebellious brother, and *pardoned him,* saying that he had been but an ill-advised "child." John was at this time 26 years old.

So much for the sequence of facts! The Society of the period is described as being (*a*) in a state of civil disorder (*b*) under the influence of the ideas and customs of chivalry; and (*c*) dependent on the wealth, but given to the persecution, of the Jews.

(*a*) *Civil warfare* (*i.e.,* disputes involving fighting and bloodshed between small sections of the community) was, of course, characteristic of all European countries at this date. In England it was aggravated by the comparatively recent Norman Conquest and the consequent changes of property that took place. The Saxons, even if not dispossessed of their lands (Cedric and Athelstane, *e.g.,* are represented as unassailed in that respect) were discontented as being the party of minority and defeat, and suffered under the contempt of the more refined Normans for their inferiority of manner and culture. The difficulties of communication, and the wild uncultivated state of a great part of the country made the existence of *banditti* or organised robbers possible. The severe forest laws introduced under the first two Williams, moreover, led to the commission of offences by daring spirits, which resulted in *outlawry.* The *outlaws* (persons who were outside the protection of the law, and whom any man might assault or attack without fear of legal punishment), protected themselves by

forming into bands, under captains such as Locksley, living on the game of the forest and the capture and putting to ransom of rich travellers. Manors, or baronies, such as that of *Ivanhoe*, were granted to favourites by the sovereign, irrespective of previous claims, and thus dissensions arose, and skirmishes and sieges like that of *Torquilstone* took place. Under a strong monarch, such as Henry II (1100-1154), this state of disorder was remedied, but the reign of a weak or absentee sovereign reduced the country again to its old lawlessness, and from time to time, with intervals of improvement, much the same state of affairs existed until the end of the 15th century.

(*b*) The institution of *Chivalry*, or *knighthood*, with its customs, belongs also to a lengthened period (roughly from the 11th to the 14th century). Every brave soldier might become a *knight* as a reward for some feat of arms, but young men of good family were knighted in any case when they arrived at a suitable age, and had passed through previous training as *pages* or attendants upon the ladies of a household, and *squires* (*esquires*), or personal attendants upon *knights*. The distinctive parts of a knight's dress were the *belt* to which the sword was hung, and the *spurs*, for they always fought on horseback. They also frequently wore a *chain* round the neck, as a distinguishing mark of the *order* of knights to which they belonged. Hence to wear *chain and spurs* is to be a knight. All knights were considered *gentlemen* and equals of one another. If one offended another the offended person threw down his *gauntlet*, or *mailed glove*, as a *challenge*, or offer to fight. The other then picked up the gauntlet and retained it, and gave his own gauntlet in exchange as a *gage* or pledge that he accepted the challenge. An accused person was also sometimes allowed to appeal to a *trial by combat*, to prove his or her innocence. The victor in the combat was supposed to have proved the justice of his cause, for it was held that God gave the victory to the just person, or to the *champion* fighting in his behalf. The space within which such combats took place was enclosed by

*barriers* called *lists*, and if several knights or pairs of knights fought together they formed a *mêlée*, or crowd, and the fight itself was called a *tourney*, or *tournament*. The usual mode of fighting in the tournament was by *tilting*, or riding towards the opponent with a *lance* or long spear, held *levelled* (*couched*, or *at rest*), *i.e.*, low and straight, and ready to strike. The object was to unhorse the opponent (in the course of which the *lances* were often *broken*), after which he might be attacked on foot with the sword. The place of tournament was often called a *tiltyard*, and pieces of ground were reserved for tiltyards, just as nowadays for cricket fields. *Tournaments* began to come into fashion about the middle of the 11th century. They were to the people of that age an amusement such as our athletic sports or cricket matches. A chronicler, William of Newburgh, *under the date* 1194, gives an account of these entertainments as a novelty of the period, and describes the excitement they caused among the populace. They were forbidden by Henry II, but *encouraged* and commanded by Richard I, partly, no doubt, with a view to the fees which he exacted from the combatants. The degree of danger or serious fighting that took place varied according to the regulations made for each occasion, but a beautiful lady, the "*Queen of Love and Beauty*," was always selected, whose presence was a symbol of the fact that it was the *devoir* or duty of a knight to fight on behalf of all women (and of priests and weak persons), and who gave the prizes to the successful knights at the end of the contest. The deeds of knights and ladies were sung to the harp by poets called *troubadours* in France and *minstrels* in England. *Knights* at this period were dressed in *mail* armour made of loops or rings of iron. They wore on their heads a *helmet* of steel or iron, of which the part that covered the face was called a *visor*. The *visor* was made of *bars*, with breathing spaces between, or perforated with holes, and could be lifted up or down, the lower portion or mouthpiece being called the *beaver*.

(*c*) Jews at this period were regarded by the Christian nations with great hatred. In most countries they were not allowed to

own land or to become agriculturists or handicraftsmen. They were therefore obliged to gain a living by *trade,* buying and selling what others made, and if they became rich in this way they frequently *lent money* to needy persons, in exchange for a high rate of *usury* or interest, sometimes called *usage* money, which was paid in addition to the original sum lent, as an equivalent for the *use* of it. *Usury* was forbidden to Christians by the church, and the exaction of it by the Jews was another cause of the hatred felt towards them. They had been banished from England by Cnut (1016-1035), and had taken refuge in Normandy. A number of them returned under the protection of William the Conqueror, and were allowed to remain until a second expulsion in 1290 by Edward I. At this period they were under special regulations in all departments of life. They were regarded as the *serfs* or *chattels* of the king, who protected them from the robbery of others in order to be able to rob them more freely himself. Thus they were exempt from the ordinary taxation, but a special branch of the *Exchequer* court, called the *Exchequer* of the *Jews,* imposed taxes and *fines* upon them, and they were tried in special courts for crimes and other offences. Certain districts, called *Jewries,* were set apart for them in certain towns, *e.g., London, York, Lincoln, Leicester.* These were enclosed by gates, within which they were forced to remain after nightfall. Traces of the Jewries survive in the names of streets, and in the ancient houses, called Jews' houses, which being built of stone instead of wood, testify to *the superior wealth of the owners.* The Jews, like the wealthy Templars, were suspected to abominable crimes, *witchcraft,* etc., and torture was often applied (by King John and others) to force them to reveal and yield up their wealth. At the coronation of Richard I, a *number of Jews* who ventured to appear among the crowd *were massacred* in a sudden frenzy of the populace, their peculiar costume, which was worn at this date by choice, not compulsion, marking them out for attack. The Jews, by way of expressing their hatred of Christians, called them by the names of tribes and nations who had formerly been their

enemies, *e.g. Philistine, Edomite,* etc. Another name of contempt for Christians was *Ishmaelite,* properly a descendant of *Ishmael,* the son of Abraham and Hagar, and so not a genuine *Jew,* who could always claim descent from Abraham's other son, *Jacob.*

Such a *condition of the people,* (1) the opposition of Norman and Saxon, and (2) of outlaw and baron, (3) the dangers undergone by women, priests, and Jews, and in general, by all non-fighting members of the community, is vividly brought before us by the story of Ivanhoe. The great number of personages in the tale, and the rapid succession of events, gives it the effect of a panorama, or a series of moving pictures. The following text contains a selection of the most striking scenes, about one-third in length of the original, which is one of the longest of the "Waverleys." Yet readers of even this abridgement will hardly fail to carry away a clear idea of the Tournament at Ashby, the Siege of Torquilstone, and the Trial of Rebecca, etc. The brief account of the omitted portions of the story given in the notes will enable readers to fill in the gaps in the plot, and it is to be hoped will ere long send them to the story in its complete form for further information about the Black Knight, about Ulrica, and Wamba, Gurth, Cedric, and the others.

It will be noticed that (*a*) a number of the events take place in the open air, and that (*b*) some of the localities are described in a good deal of detail. Scott's power of picturing, and hence describing places, is one of his most striking gifts. He was not so familiar with English scenery as with that of his native country, but he had visited parts of the district in which *Ivanhoe* is laid, and some of the descriptions, notably that of the Castle of Coningsburgh, are those of an eye-witness. The locality of the story ranges from Jorvaulx (*i.e.,* Jervaulx) Abbey in the north (Yorkshire) to Ashby-de-la-Zouche in the south (Leicestershire). The principal events take place at Ashby and Coningsburgh (existing), and at Rotherwood, Torquilstone, and Templestowe (non-existent.) Travellers from

*Rotherwood* had to pass through Sheffield on the way to Ashby It must therefore be supposed to lie a little to the north or north-east of Sheffield, and between that town and Rotherham, whence the name Rotherwood. *Torquilstone* is a name invented from the Saxon masculine name "Torquil." The castle, which is fully described, though its situation can only be inferred from the length of time the travellers on their way north from Ashby took to reach it, was built in the Norman style, of which several examples still exist in the district. *Templestowe* is but vaguely described. There were several establishments of Templars in Yorkshire at this date (1194). *Loxley Chase*, about 8 miles to the north-west of Sheffield, has been claimed as the birthplace of Robin Hood, from whence he took his alternative name of "Locksley." "Robin Hood's Bow" once hung in Hathersage Church, Derbyshire, and is now preserved in Cannon Hall, near Barnsley.

Many details are given of the different varieties of dress and armour worn, and weapons used, in the period, and in every respect there is evidence of the interest taken by the author in the subject of *Archaeology* (or Antiquities), in all its branches. "Ivanhoe" may be described, in fact, from many points of view, as a "costume" novel, *i.e.*, one in which the outward circumstances, dress, food, dwelling, manner of life, etc., of the personages is emphasised almost as much as their actions and destiny. Scott endeavoured to do for a past age what so-called Realistic writers of the present day endeavour to do for our own. That is to say, he pictured to himself the surroundings and habits which after all, constitute a large part of men's lives, in order to paint the more vividly the manner of men that lived under such circumstances. Scott, however, expressly said of himself, that he did not pretend to absolute accuracy in such matters. He used such knowledge of Antiquities as he possessed, and this was very considerable, in the natural course of things, just as a person who has lived a good deal (say) in France, would, if he brought French life and characters into a story, be more accurate than one who had never

crossed the Channel. The characters in *Ivanhoe,* however, are living people, not dressed-up lay figures. We enjoy the details of the siege, and the splendid pageantry of the Tournament. But we take yet keener interest in the fortunes of Wilfred and his allies, we are desperately anxious for the rescue of Rebecca from her persecutors, and we realise Cedric, Gurth, and the rest as friends with whom we have made acquaintance.

Such a book as *Ivanhoe* is not to be read for the sake of instruction, in the same manner as we should read an account of the geographical features of Asia, or of the battle of Waterloo. But through the pleasure we derive from it (and this is true of all good literature) we enlarge our knowledge of what in the wider, more general sense, is called "life." The idea of the "perfect knight" or gentleman, as we now call him, that is the man who by birth and training, as well as character, is gentle and merciful, courteous and considerate, as well as brave and skilled in manly exercises, belongs not only to the Age of Chivalry, but to all time. Scott had no notion that men were born equal, but he was aware of the faults to which gentlemen who are not perfect knights are peculiarly liable. A study of the manners of the group of knights in *Ivanhoe* will reveal the author's conception of the highest type of manhood. Apart from the charm of Rebecca, and the pathetic interest of her story, it was perhaps particularly characteristic of a period when such monstrous cruelties were accepted as a matter of course, that one man should be found knightly enough to protect even the despised Jewess with the strength of his arm. When we remember that the greater part of the story of *Ivanhoe* was dictated while the author was suffering severe pain as the result of an illness which he had hardly expected to survive, we must needs reckon him also as an example of the heroic conduct that he admired so much and described so magnificently.

N.B.—The portions of the story omitted from the text are very briefly related in the notes at the end.

## PERSONS OF THE STORY

### I. Historical

Richard I, called *Cœur-de-lion* (Lion-hearted), during the greater part of his reign (1189-1199) was in Palestine fighting a Crusade (1189-93) against the Turks, under their great Sultan, Saladin, in order to recover for the Christian nations Jerusalem, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was built over the supposed tomb of Jesus Christ. On his way back from the Crusade he was taken prisoner by the Archduke of Austria. In the story he is represented as having come secretly to England in the disguise of Le Noir Faineant, or the Sluggish Knight. He actually did land at Sandwich publicly, and was openly received by his people.

John, his next brother, tried to raise up a faction for himself, in the hope that Richard would never return. He intrigued for this purpose with some of the barons, and with Philip Augustus, King of France.

### II. Legendary, or Semi-Historical

Locksley, or Robin Hood, the outlaw. The story of Robin Hood is related in ballads which were probably composed about 200 years later than the date of this story, and perhaps referred to a real Robin Hood who lived in the reign of Edward II. Tales of prowess and wonderful feats of archery such as Locksley performs are told of him in these ballads.

The Friar, or Clerk of Copmanhurst, known in the ballads as Friar Tuck, one of the adherents of Robin Hood. All the outlaws are Saxon.

### III. Not Historical

#### (*a*) *Saxons*

Cedric, the thane, or franklin, or as he would now be called, the squire, or *Rotherwood*. He claims descent from *Hereward*, the last of the English who withstood William the Conqueror, although Hereward actually left no descendant.

Wilfred, the son of Cedric, the Knight of *Ivanhoe*. He had been given the manor of Ivanhoe by Richard I, but during his absence on the Crusade John had granted it to Front-de-Bœuf. He appears first as the *Palmer*, and next in the tournament as the *Disinherited Knight*.

Athelstane, lord of *Coningsburgh*, a castle in Yorkshire of great antiquity. He is described as a descendant of *Edward the Confessor*, the last English King before William I, though Edward actually left no descendant. The actual owner of Coningsburgh at this date was William de Warenne, to whose ancestor it had been granted by William the Conqueror.

Rowena, the heiress of the manor of Hargottsstandstede, who is described as a descendant of Alfred the Great (871-90). She was the ward of Cedric, and, subject to the king's consent, could be given in marriage to any one whom he chose, when her possessions would become the property of her husband. Wilfred wished to marry her, and was consequently banished and disinherited by his father, who intended her for Athelstane, so that their combined claims to the throne might give an opportunity for a successful rising of the Saxons.

Ulrica, commonly called Urfried, daughter of *Torquil Wolfganger*, the former Saxon owner of the castle of *Torquilstone*.

*Torquil* and his sons were murdered by the father of Front-de-Bœuf, and *Ulrica* became his slave, and the favourite, and afterwards deadly enemy, of *Reginald.*

EDITH, the mother of Athelstane.

GURTH, the swineherd; WAMBA, the jester; OSWALD, the cup-bearer; HUNDEBERT, the major-domo. Servants of Cedric.

HIGG, the son of Snell, former servant of Isaac the Jew.

(*b*) *Normans*

BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT, a member of the Order of *Knights Templars* founded in 1118, for the purpose of defending the *Temple* or Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Templars took the usual vows of *monks,* not to marry, to have all things in common, and to obey their chief, the Grand Master, without question. They also pledged themselves as soldiers to fight in the *Crusades,* or Holy Wars. Brian's love for Rebecca was contrary to his vow as a monk.

(1) WALDEMAR FITZURSE, described as the son of *Reginald Fitzurse,* who was one of the murderers of *Thomas à Becket.* It is not actually known what became of Reginald Fitzurse, or whether he had descendants. (2) MAURICE DE BRACY, the Captain of a band of *Free Companions,* who fought under his banner for the sake of hire and adventure, now for one king or state, and now for another. De Bracy was what is often called a soldier of fortune. Adherents of Prince John's faction.

LUCAS BEAUMANOIR, the Grand Master of the Templars. The real name of the Grand Master of the Templars at this date was *Robert de Sablé.*

AYMER, the Prior of Jorvaulx, a rich, lazy monk. The real name of the Prior of Jervaulx (Jorvaulx) at this date was *John Brompton.*

ALBERT DE MALVOISIN, CONRAD OF MONTFITCHET, HERMAN OF GOODALRICKE. Preceptors of the Templars, *i.e.,* officers next in authority to the Grand Master.

REGINALD FRONT-DE-BŒUF, owner of the castle of Torquilstone.

Richard de Malvoisin; Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John; Hugh de Grantmesnil. Knights who took part in the tournament.

Damian, an esquire of the Templars.

Ambrose, a monk of Jorvaulx.

(*c*) *Jews*

Isaac of York, a rich miserly money-lender, who pretends poverty to escape from the extortions and cruelties of the Christians.

Rebecca, daughter of Isaac, in love with Wilfred.

Ben Samuel, a physician, friend of Isaac.

# IVANHOE

## CHAPTER 1

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form

of the letter T. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather.

In the centre of the upper table, were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane, felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an impatience which might have become an alderman. It appeared, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure fatigue; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down an each side to the length of his shoulders; it had but little tendency to grey, although Cedric was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with minever. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which sate tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had sandals secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short straight

two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side.

Cedric was in no very placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, had but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There were as yet no tidings of Gurth, the swineherd, and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest. Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon thane was impatient for the presence of his favourite clown Wamba. Add to all this, Cedric had fasted since noon, and his usual supper hour was long past. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around; "Why tarries the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her head-gear," replied a female attendant; "you would not wish her to sit down to the banquet in her hood and kirtle? and no lady within the shire can be quicker in arraying herself than my mistress."

"Umph! I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St. John's Kirk;—but what, in the name of ten devils, keeps Gurth so long a-field? I suppose we shall have an evil account of the herd."

Oswald the cupbearer modestly suggested, "that it was scarce an hour since the tolling of the curfew."

"The foul fiend," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew-bell, and the tyrant by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The curfew! ay, the curfew; which compels true men to extinguish their lights,

that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness!—Ay, the curfew;—Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin know the use of the curfew as well as William himself, or e'er a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings. I shall hear, I guess, that my faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey—and Wamba—where is Wamba? Said not some one he had gone forth with Gurth?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay? why this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. I will go with my complaint to the great council; I have friends, I have followers—man to man will I appeal the Norman to the lists. Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!" he exclaimed in a lower tone, "couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like a solitary oak."

From his musing, Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn.

"To the gate, knaves!" said he. "See what tidings that horn tells us of."

A warder announced, "that the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on the second day from the present."

"Aymer, the Prior Aymer? Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"—muttered Cedric; "Normans both;—but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached; they are welcome, since they have

chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have ridden further on their way. Go, Hundebert, take six of the attendants and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their train lack nothing. Say to them, Hundebert, that Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the dais of his own hall to meet any who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty. Begone! see them carefully tended."

The major-domo departed with several attendants, to execute his master's commands. "The Prior Aymer!" repeated Cedric. "This Prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the wine-cup and the bugle-horn better than bell and book: Good; let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Bois-Guilbert?" said Cedric—"Bois-Guilbert? that name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order; but stained with their usual vices, pride, arrogance, cruelty, and voluptuousness. Well; it is but for one night; he shall be welcome too. Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her especial pleasure."

"But it will be her especial pleasure," answered Elgitha, "for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine."

Cedric replied, "Silence, maiden; thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Say my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred still reigns a princess."

## CHAPTER II

The Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him, of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope curiously embroidered. The Knight Templar had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white, in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. His brows were shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness.

The two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds of a pilgrim. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall and withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board.

Cedric rose to receive his guests and, descending from the dais, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "reverend Prior, that my vow binds me to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, even to receive such guests as you, and this

valiant Knight of the Holy Temple. But my steward has expounded to you the cause of my seeming discourtesy."

Motioning with his hand, he caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,—"Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena." Cedric, though surprised at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior, "I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chian wine is your own."

"Said I not so?" answered the Prior; "but check your raptures, the Franklin observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes riveted on the Saxon beauty. Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in

numerous ringlets to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. Her dress was an undergown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe of crimson. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her she drew with dignity the veil around her face. Cedric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon—for my humility will carry me no lower."

"The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

"Our going thither," said Cedric, "is uncertain. I love not these vanities, which were unknown to my fathers when England was free."

"Let us hope, nevertheless," said the Prior, "our company may determine you to travel thitherward; when the roads are so unsafe, the escort of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is not to be despised."

"Sir Prior," answered the Saxon, "wheresoever I have travelled in this land, I have hitherto found myself, with the assistance of my good sword and faithful followers, in no respect needful of other aid. —I drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of wine,

which I trust your taste will approve and I thank you for your courtesy."

"It is only in our abbey," said the Priest, "that we confine ourselves to the *lac dulce.* Conversing with the world, we use the world's fashion, and therefore I answer your pledge in this honest wine."

"And I," said the Templar, filling his goblet, "drink wassail to the fair Rowena; for since her namesake introduced the word into England, has never been one more worthy of such a tribute."

"I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without unveiling herself; "or rather I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palestine."

"I have little of importance to say, Lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may; a night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame."

Oswald, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York."

## CHAPTER III

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep

humility, a tall thin old man approached the lower end of the board. His features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long grey hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those dark ages, was detested by the vulgar and persecuted by the nobility. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

Cedric coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the pilgrim who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought to a flame, the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks went to the other side of the hall.

The Jew bent his withered form, and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, and having dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the smoking mess which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish, that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the Abbot and Cedric discoursed upon hunting; and the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females.

"I marvel, worthy Cedric," said the Abbot, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your predilection is for your own manly language, you do not receive the Norman-French into your favour, so far at least as the mystery of wood-craft and hunting is concerned."

"Good Father Aymer," said the Saxon, "be it known to you, I care not for those over-sea refinements, without which I can well enough take my pleasure in the woods."

"The French," said the Templar, raising his voice with the presumptuous and authoritative tone which he used upon all occasions, "is not only the natural language of the chase, but that of love and of war, in which ladies should be won and enemies defied."

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric, "and fill another to the Abbot, while I look back some thirty years to tell you another tale. As Cedric the Saxon then was, his plain English tale needed no garnish from French troubadours when it was told in the ear of beauty. Cupbearer! knave, fill the goblets—To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the sworn Champions of the Holy Sepulchre, can the palm be assigned among the champions of the Cross?"

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert; "the English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the Pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration was heard. "I say," repeated the Pilgrim in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to NONE who ever drew sword in defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple—and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

"I would give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrim," said Cedric, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England."

"That will I do blithely," replied the Pilgrim, "and without guerdon; my oath for a time, prohibits me from touching gold. The first in honour as in arms, in renown as in place, was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Cedric; "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Pilgrim; "Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the third."

"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with exultation.

"Sir Foulk Doilly the fourth," proceeded the Pilgrim.

"Saxon also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric; "and who was the fifth?'

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Turneham."

"Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric—"And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company, less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number—his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe; nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the Monastery of Mount Carmel."

The Templar, without vailing his bonnet, or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying—"Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answers not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence; "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

The grace-cup was now served round, and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their landlord and to the Lady Rowena, arose and mingled in the hall, while

the heads of the family, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy course to the tournament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valour."

"Ay," said the Knight, "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to gull women and boys with gauds and toys—I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip."

"Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfling—so help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands; "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Exchequer of the Jews have imposed upon me—Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch."

The Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Beshrew thee for a false-hearted liar!" and passing onward, as if disdaining further conference, he communed with his Moslem slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders.

## CHAPTER IV

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, passed through the intricate combination of apartments of this large and irregular mansion, he met the waiting-maid of Rowena, who, saying that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of Anwold, and, bidding him await her return,

made a sign to the Palmer to follow. A short passage led him to the apartment of the Lady Rowena. The walls were covered with embroidered hangings; the bed was adorned with rich tapestry, and surrounded with curtains dyed with purple. The seats had also their stained coverings, and one, which was higher than the rest, was accommodated with a footstool of ivory, curiously carved.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her attendants standing at her back, and arranging her hair ere she lay down to rest, was seated in this sort of throne. The Pilgrim acknowledged her claim to homage by a low genuflection.

"Rise, Palmer," said she graciously. "The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth and honour manhood." She then said to her train, "Retire, excepting only Elgitha! I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment, retired to its further extremity.

"Pilgrim," said the lady, after a moment's pause, "you this night mentioned a name—I mean the name of Ivanhoe, in the halls where by nature and kindred it should have sounded most acceptably; and yet, such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose hearts must have throbbed at the sound, I, only, dare ask you where, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke?"

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered the Palmer with a troubled voice. "I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He hath, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to

ROWENA AND THE PALMER.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

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England, where you, lady, must know better than I, what is his chance of happiness."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "he were here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching tourney. Should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is like to hear evil tidings when he reaches England.—How looked he, stranger, when you last saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy upon his strength and comeliness?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and thinner, than when he came from Cyprus, and care seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached not his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to clear those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood.—Maidens," she said, "draw near—offer the sleeping cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the maidens presented a silver cup, containing a rich mixture of wine and spice, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a low obeisance, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this alms, friend," continued the lady, offering a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful travail, and of the shrines thou hast visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Elgitha out of the apartment. Anwold conducted him to an ignoble part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping places to the lower order of domestics, and to strangers of mean degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Pilgrim.

"The unbelieving dog," answered Anwold, "kennels in the cell next your holiness.—St. Dunstan, how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian!"

"And where sleeps Gurth the swineherd?" said the stranger.

"Gurth," replied the bondsman, "sleeps in the cell on your right, as the Jew on that to your left."

The Palmer, having extinguished his torch, threw himself on the rude couch, and slept till the earliest sunbeams found their way through the little grated window. He then started up, and after repeating his matins, and adjusting his dress, he left the cell, and entered that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the latch gently.

The inmate was lying in troubled slumber upon a couch. His hands and arms moved convulsively, as if struggling with the nightmare; and the following ejaculations were distinctly heard: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man! I am poor, I am penniless—should your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I could not gratify you!"

The Palmer awaited not the end of the Jew's vision, but stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The old man started up, and fixed upon the Palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of wild surprise and apprehension.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Palmer, "I come as your friend."

"The God of Israel requite you," said the Jew; "I dreamed—but Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream! And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?"

"It is to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew, "whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall yesternight, he spoke to his Mussulman slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties.

"Holy God of Abraham! Oh, holy Moses! O, blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for nought, and the vision cometh not in vain; I feel their irons already tear my sinews! I feel the rack pass over my body!"

"Stand up, Isaac, and harken to me," said the Palmer; "you have cause for your terror; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good-will you have probably the means of securing."

When Isaac heard the concluding part of the sentence, his original terror appeared to revive in full force, and he dropt once more on his face, exclaiming,

"*I* possess the means of securing good-will! alas! there is but one road to the favour of a Christian, and how can the poor Jew find it, whom extortions have already reduced to the misery of Lazarus? For the love of God, young man, betray me not—for the sake of the Great Father who made us all, Jew as well as Gentile, Israelite and Ishmaelite—do me no treason! I have not means to secure the good-will of a Christian beggar, were he rating it at a single penny."

"Wert thou loaded with all the wealth of thy tribe." said the Palmer, "what interest have I to injure thee?—In this dress I am vowed to poverty, nor do I change it for aught save a horse and a coat of mail. Remain here if thou wilt—Cedric the Saxon may protect thee."

"Alas!" said the Jew, "he will not let me travel in his train—Saxon or Norman will be equally ashamed of the poor Israelite; and to travel by myself through the domains of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf—Good youth, I will go with you!—Let us haste—let us gird up our loins—let us flee!—Here is thy staff, why wilt thou tarry?"

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, "but I must secure the means of leaving this place—follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which was occupied by Gurth the swineherd.—"Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim, "arise quickly. Undo the postern gate, and let out the Jew and me."

"The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said Gurth. "Both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate—we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim added, "Gurth, beware—thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern—thou shalt know more anon."

With hasty alacrity Gurth obeyed him, while the Jew followed, wondering at the sudden change in the swineherd's demeanour.

"My mule, my mule!" said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Pilgrim; "and, hearest thou,—let me have another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts—I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou"—he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

He presently appeared on the opposite side of the moat with the mules. The travellers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge, and no sooner had they reached the mules, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue buckram which, he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment—only a change of raiment." Then getting upon the animal with alacrity, he lost no time in so disposing of the skirts of his gaberdine as to conceal completely from observation the burden which he had thus deposited.

## CHAPTER V

When the travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many devious paths, the Palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"May the wheels of their chariots be taken off," said the Jew, "like those of the host of Pharaoh, that they may drive heavily!—But leave me not, good pilgrim—Think but of that fierce and savage Templar, with his Saracen slaves—they will regard neither territory, nor manor, nor lordship."

"Our road," said the Palmer, "should here separate; for it beseems not men of my character and thine to travel together longer than needs must be. Besides, what succour couldst thou have from me, a peaceful Pilgrim, against two armed heathens?"

"O good youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst defend me, and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will requite it—not with money, for money, so help me my father Abraham, I have none—but"——

"Money and recompense," said the Palmer, interrupting him, "I have already said I require not of thee. Guide thee I can; and, it may be, even in some sort defend thee. Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge."

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Zareth, and find some means of travelling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half-an-hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town."

The half hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim pointing to the town of Sheffield, which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense."

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment. "God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew;—"What fiend prompted that guess?" said he hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one—and, as I can guess thy want, so I can suppy it."

"But consider," said the Palmer, "my character, my dress, my vow."

"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and that the noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in superstitious penance, and walk afoot to visit the graves of dead men."

"Blaspheme not, Jew!" said the Pilgrim, sternly.

"Forgive me," said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But there dropt words from you last night and this morning, that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Palmer's gown is hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished he delivered the scroll to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy; give him this scroll—he hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over thou wilt return them

safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports, the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured—for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is usage money, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly-burly—I speak not for endangering the steed, and the coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy for thy caution," said the Palmer, again

smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it."

They parted and, took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

## CHAPTER VI

On a platform beyond the southern entrance to the lists at Ashby, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised in some fantastic dress. The central pavilion had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre.

One gallery exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised

higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, which was designed for Prince John. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated, than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. This seat of honour was designed for *La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours.*

Isaac, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and lined with fur, was endeavouring to make place in the foremost row beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was now hanging on her father's arm. As Prince John, upon a grey and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of a jovial party, his quick eye instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls—all these constitued a combination of

loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. Of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer?"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley,"—answered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare cloaks have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery!—What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure-casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter. "But, daughter, or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits—Who

sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at their lazy length!—out upon them!—let them sit close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England.

It was to this person that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make place for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at the order, unwilling to obey, yet undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiæ* to the will of John; and, without stirring, opened his large grey eyes, and stared at the Prince with astonishment.

"The Saxon porker," said John, "is either asleep or minds me not—Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking to a knight who rode near him. De Bracy extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince, had not Cedric unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the handle. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from

his purpose by a general exclamation of the crowd uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, and chancing to encounter the firm glance of an archer who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamouring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayst thou?" answered the Prince; "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"By St. Grizzel," said John, "we will try his own skill, who is so ready to give his voice to the feats of others."

"I shall not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the composure which marked his whole deportment.

"Meanwhile, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery Prince; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By no means, an it please your Grace!—it is not fit for such as we to sit with the rulers of the land," said the Jew.

"Up, infidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stript off, and tanned for horse-furniture!"

Thus urged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and narrow steps which led up to the gallery.

"Let me see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him!" fixing his eye on Cedric.

But Wamba, springing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming, in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, which he plucked from beneath his cloak. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester at the same time flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps,—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, in which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

"Deal me the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; "I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield," he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

"Who, and what art thou, noble champion?" said Prince John, still laughing.

"A fool by right of descent," answered the Jester; "I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an Alderman."

"Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring," said Prince John; "to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry."

"Knave upon fool were worse," answered the Jester, "and Jew upon bacon worst of all."

"Gramercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, "thou pleasest me—Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants."

As the Jew fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavouring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side;

and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained, he pursued his career round the lists.

## CHAPTER VII

In the midst of Prince John's cavalcade, he suddenly stopt, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied, until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

The Prince acquiesced, and, assuming his throne, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat, might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made

with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced, that, on the second day there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. They advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with Ralph de Vipont, the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter.

The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. After this there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of the long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity, and no sooner

were the barriers opened than a new champion paced into the lists. The adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited.

He ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the

northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his adversary's advice; he changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter;

the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point or his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited

Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

## CHAPTER VIII

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour,

was the first who took the field. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

The marshals of the field were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him that he would

raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, alleging that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply; they, therefore, pressed no further into the mystery of the Disinherited Knight, but, announcing to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valour.

John, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favoured had been successively defeated by one knight, answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's brow, this same knight hath been disinherited as well of his courtesy as of his lands, since he desires to appear before us without uncovering his face."

A whisper arose among the train, but by whom first suggested could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Cœur-de-Lion himself!"

"Over God's forbode!" said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, "Waldemar!—De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises and stand truly by me!"

"Here is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse, one of the most important of his followers; "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic limbs of your father's son, as to think they can be held within the circumference of yonder suit of armour?—Look at him more closely, your highness

will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and twice as much of his shoulder-breadth. The very horse he backs, could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was speaking, the marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the lists to Prince John's throne. With a short eulogy upon his valour, he caused to be delivered to him the war-horse assigned as the prize. The Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound obeisance.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed, the animal itself being fully accoutred with the richest war-furniture. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and, brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice around the lists, exhibiting the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

The appearance of vanity, which might otherwise have been attributed to this display, was removed by the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage the princely reward with which he had been just honoured.

The victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries a lady, who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his truncheon, as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the throne, and,

sinking his lance, until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if expecting John's commands; while all admired the sudden dexterity with which he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of violent emotion and high excitation to stillness.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival. It is your prerogative to confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete.—Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circlet of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed interchangeably.

The Disinherited Knight, pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, at length paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed.

Cedric the Saxon, overjoyed at the discomfiture of the Templar, and of his malevolent neighbour, Front-de-Bœuf, had with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course, not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied

by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt."

"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest—His neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to—Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—See, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine—Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the Philistine hath fallen before his lance.—even as Og the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver, and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run.

The champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of

Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, but these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

However unacceptable these sounds might be to Prince John, and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless obliged to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse, he left his throne; and mounting his jennet, accompanied by his train, he again entered the list.

Spurring his horse, he made the animal bound forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the crown still at her feet.

"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none vows homage more sincerely than ourself, John of Anjou; and if it please you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall learn to know the empress to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Cedric answered for her in his native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh, speak only the language, and practise only the manners, of our fathers.

We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people."

## CHAPTER IX

We must now change the scene to a country house in the vicinity of Ashby, belonging to a wealthy Israelite, with whom Isaac and his daughter had taken up their quarters.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an Oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of embroidered cushions, which, piled along a low platform that surrounded the chamber, served instead of chairs and stools. She was watching the motions of her father, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step; sometimes clasping his hands together—sometimes casting his eyes to the roof of the apartment. "O, Jacob!" he exclaimed—"O, all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! what a losing venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law of Moses—Fifty zecchins wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant!"

"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly? the blotch of Egypt upon him!—Willingly, saidst thou?—Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest—

robed the seething billows in my choice silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes. And was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exacted to save our lives," answered Rebecca, "and the God of our fathers has since blessed your store and your gettings."

"Ay," answered Isaac, "but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did to-day, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me?—O, daughter, disinherited and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered, all the world laughs around, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely, when we would revenge bravely."

"Think not thus of it, my father," said Rebecca; "we also have advantages. These Gentiles, cruel and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dependent on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute. Without the aid of our wealth, they could neither furnish forth their hosts in war, nor their triumphs in peace. Even this day's pageant had not proceeded without the consent of the despised Jew, who furnished the means."

"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast harped upon another string of sorrow. The goodly steed and the rich armour—there is a dead loss too—ay, a loss which swallows up the gains of a week; ay, of the space between two Sabaoths—and yet it may end better than I now think, for 'tis a good youth."

"Assuredly," said Rebecca, "you shall not repent you of requiting the good deed received of the stranger knight."

"I trust so, daughter," said Isaac, "and I trust too in the rebuilding of Zion; but as well do I hope with my own bodily eyes to see the walls and battlements of the new Temple, as to see a Christian, yea, the very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unless under the awe of the judge and jailor."

The evening was now becoming dark, when a Jewish servant entered the apartment, and placed upon the table two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil; the richest wines, and the most delicate refreshments, were at the same time displayed by another Israelitish domestic on a small ebony table, inlaid with silver. At the same time the servant informed Isaac, that a Nazarene desired to speak with him. Isaac at once replaced on the table the untasted glass of Greek wine which he had just raised to his lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, "Rebecca, veil thyself," commanded the stranger to be admitted.

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a screen of silver gauze which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapped in the ample folds of his mantle.

"Art thou Isaac the Jew of York?" said Gurth.

"I am," replied Isaac, "and who art thou?"

"That is not to the purpose," answered Gurth.

"As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac; "for without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?"

"Easily," answered Gurth; "I, being to pay money, must know that I deliver it to the right person; thou, who art to receive it, will not, I think, care very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

"O," said the Jew, "you are come to pay monies?—

Holy Father Abraham! that altereth our relation to each other. And from whom dost thou bring it?"

"From the Disinherited Knight," said Gurth, "victor in this day's tournament. It is the price of the armour supplied to him by Kirjath Jairam of Leicester, on thy recommendation. The steed is restored to thy stable. I desire to know the amount of the sum which I am to pay for the armour."

"I said he was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac, with joyful exultation. "A cup of wine will do thee no harm," he added, filling and handing to the swineherd a richer draught than Gurth had ever before tasted. "And how much money," continued Isaac, "hast thou brought with thee?"

"Holy Virgin!" said Gurth, setting down the cup, "what nectar these unbelieving dogs drink, while true Christians are fain to quaff ale as muddy and thick as the draff we give to hogs!—What money have I brought with me? Even but a small sum; something in hand the whilst. What, Isaac! thou must bear a conscience, though it be a Jewish one."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, "thy master has won goodly steeds and rich armours with the strength of his lance, and of his right hand—but 'tis a good youth—the Jew will take these in present payment, and render him back the surplus."

"My master has disposed of them already," said Gurth.

"Ah! that was wrong," said the Jew, "that was the part of a fool. No Christian here could buy so many horses and armour—no Jew except myself would give him half the values. But thou hast a hundred zecchins with thee in that bag," said Isaac, prying under Gurth's cloak, "it is a heavy one."

"I have heads for cross-bow bolts in it," said Gurth, readily.

"Well, then," said Isaac, "if I should say that I would take eighty zecchins for the good steed and the rich armour, which leaves me not a guilder's profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Barely," said Gurth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master nigh penniless. Nevertheless, if such be your least offer, I must be content."

"Fill thyself another goblet of wine," said the Jew. "Ah! eighty zecchine is too little. It leaveth no profit for the usages of the monies; and, besides, the good horse may have suffered wrong in this day's encounter."

"And I say," replied Gurth, "he is sound, wind and limb; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say, over and above, that seventy zecchins is enough for the armour, and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag" (and he shook it till the contents jingled) "back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac; "lay down the talents—the shekels—the eighty zecchins, and thou shalt see I will consider thee liberally."

Gurth at length complied; and telling out eighty zecchins upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and suit of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seventy pieces of gold. The last ten he told over with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table, and dropt it into his purse.

"Seventy-one—seventy-two; thy master is a good youth—seventy-three, an excellent youth—seventy-four—that piece hath been clipt within the ring—seventy-five—and that looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy master wants money, let him come to Isaac of York—seventy-seven—that is, with reasonable security." Here he made a considerable pause; but the enumeration proceeded.—"Seventy-eight—thou art a good fellow—seventy-nine—and deservest something for thyself"——

Here the Jew paused again, and looked at the last zecchin, intending, doubtless, to bestow it upon Gurth. He weighed it upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring by dropping it upon the table. Unhappily for Gurth, the chime was full and true, the zecchin plump, newly coined, and a grain above weight. Isaac could not find in his heart to part with it, so dropt it into his purse as if in absence of mind, with the words, "Eighty completes the tale, and I trust thy master will reward thee handsomely. Surely," he added, looking earnestly at the bag, "thou hast more coins in that pouch?"

Gurth grinned, which was his nearest approach to a laugh, as he replied, "About the same quantity which thou hast just told over so carefully." He then folded the quittance, and put it under his cap, adding,—"Peril of thy beard, Jew, see that this be full and ample!" He filled himself, unbidden, a third goblet of wine, and left the apartment without ceremony.

"Rebecca," said the Jew, "that Ishmaelite hath gone somewhat beyond me. Nevertheless his master is a good youth—ay, and I am well pleased that he hath gained shekels of gold and shekels of silver, even by

the speed of his horse and by the strength of his lance, which, like that of Goliath the Philistine, might vie with a weaver's beam."

As he turned to receive Rebecca's answer, he observed, that during his chaffering with Gurth, she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the meanwhile, Gurth had descended the stair, and, having reached the dark antechamber or hall, was puzzling about to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shown by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. Gurth obeyed the beckoning summons of the apparition, and followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found to his joyful surprise that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess.

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but jest with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca; "he owes thy master deeper kindness than these arms and steed could pay, were their value tenfold. What sum didst thou pay my father even now?"

"Eighty zecchins," said Gurth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca, "thou wilt find a hundred. Restore to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste —begone—stay not to render thanks! and beware how you pass through this crowded town, where thou mayst easily lose both thy burden and thy life."

## CHAPTER X

ERE the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common at Ashby, moving to the lists, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar.

Though Athelstane's apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the

proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.—Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-

Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match.

When the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had been rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day. His masterly horsemanship and the activity of the animal enabled him

THE TOURNAMENT.—From a drawing by J. Macfarlane.

Face page 55.

for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return. But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Faineant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once he seemed to throw aside his apathy, for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he exclaimed, in a voice like a trumpet call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and bestowed him such a blow

upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as best he could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprang from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It now being the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the Disinherited Knight. whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honour which your valour has justly deserved."

The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer. The marshals conducted him across the

lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare." They paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand

of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breast-plate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

## CHAPTER XI

Prince John was about to give the signal for retiring from the lists, when a small billet was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person by whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his attendant. "A Frenchman brought it hither, who said he had ridden night and day to put it into the hands of your highness."

The Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and then at the seal, placed so as to secure the flox-silk with which the billet was surrounded, and which bore the impression of three fleurs-de-lis. John then opened the billet with apparent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had perused the contents, which were expressed in these words—

"Take heed to yourself, for the Devil is unchained!"

THE KNIGHT AND ROWENA.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

Face page 58.

The Prince turned as pale as death, but recovering from the first effects of his surprise, he took Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy aside, and put the billet into their hands successively. "It means," he added, in a faltering voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"This may be a false alarm, or a forged letter," said De Bracy.

"It is France's own hand and seal," replied Prince John.

"It is time, then," said Fitzurse, "to draw our party to a head, either at York, or some centrical place. Your highness must break short this present mummery."

"The yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent —let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs is concerned."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John was pleased to appoint the yeomen, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow.

The list of competitors for silvan fame amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked

for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"I know not," replied the woodsman, "if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; if thou refusest my fair proffer the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bow-string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman. "Nevertheless I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches

nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

"An your highness were to hang me," said Hubert, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow"—

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and making the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this, observing that to ask a good woodsman to

shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in

breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

## CHAPTER XII

On the next morning the knight called *Le Noir Faineant* departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled

by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him, he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The sun, by which he had chiefly directed his course, had now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his left, and every effort which he might make to pursue his journey was as likely to lead him out of his road as to advance him on his route. After having in vain endeavoured to select the most beaten path, and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cased in mail, had no sooner found, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume, of his own accord, a more lively motion, and as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event; for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plat of turf, on the opposite side of which, a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping plain, offered its grey and weather-beaten front to the traveller. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut. The stem of a young fir-tree lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance

on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had formed into a rustic basin.

Beside this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by twelve feet in breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric arches which sprung from the four corners of the building, each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night. Accordingly, the knight leaped from his horse and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

"Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, "and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

"Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, "I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nurture would despise my couch—pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when

THE KNIGHT AT THE HERMITAGE.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

Face page 66.

darknes is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise."

"The road—the road!" vociferated the knight, "give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn, (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel,) given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward"——

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass!" said the knight, interrupting him,—"Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. Either open the door quickly, or, by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry for myself."

"Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you."

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard,

became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour. Incensed at this, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite now called out aloud, "Patience, patience—spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. But when his torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the traveller, who stood without, he invited him to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, "should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course, to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and, placing a stool upon one side of the table, he beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at

each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse, unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting

here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease.

## CHAPTER XIII

The knight laid aside his helmet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachoes darker than his hair.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His features expressed nothing of monastic austerity; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. After the guest had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!"

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that. And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished"

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food,

which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord, everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week. I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. I will be highly

bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit only replied by a grin: and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of horn. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drinc hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencher-man, should think of abiding by himself in this

wilderness. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of Saint Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon,—as I pattered my prayers,—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades—Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my house-keeping. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent enquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all

friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess of curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah, and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee—But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half-a-dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of a very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my enquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay,

thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my grey covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."

## CHAPTER XIV

No spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered meshes of his web, than did Waldemar Fitzurse to reunite and combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal. It was necessary that he should open to them new prospects of advantage, and remind them of those which they at present enjoyed. Promises were liberally distributed by this active agent; and nothing was left undone that could determine the wavering, or animate the disheartened. The return of King Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond the reach of probability; yet, when he observed that this was the apprehension by which the minds of his accomplices were most haunted, he boldly treated that event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their political calculations.

"If Richard returns," said Fitzurse, "he returns to enrich his needy and impoverished crusaders at the expense of those who did not follow him to the Holy Land. He returns to call to a fearful reckoning

those who, during his absence, have done aught that can be construed offence upon either the laws of the land or the privileges of the crown. He returns, in fine, to punish as a rebel every adherent of his brother Prince John.—In personal qualifications," he added, "it was possible that Prince John might be inferior to his brother Richard; but when it was considered that the latter returned with the sword of vengeance in his hand, while the former held out rewards, privileges, wealth, and honours, it could not be doubted which was the king whom in wisdom the nobility were called on to support."

These, and many more arguments, had the expected weight with the nobles of Prince John's faction. Most of them consented to attend the proposed meeting at York, for the purpose of making arrangements for placing the crown upon the head of Prince John.

It was late at night, when Fitzurse, returning to the Castle of Ashby, met with De Bracy, who had exchanged his banqueting garments for a short green kirtle, a leathern cap, a short sword, a long bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows stuck in his belt. Fitzurse looked at him with attention, and recognised the Norman knight in the dress of an English yeoman.

"What mummery is this, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse, "is this a time for quaint maskings, when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the very verge of decision? Why hast thou not been, like me, among these heartless cravens, whom the very name of King Richard terrifies?"

"I have been attending to mine own business," answered De Bracy calmly, "as you, Fitzurse, have been minding yours."

"I minding mine own business!" echoed Waldemar; "I have been engaged in that of Prince John, our joint patron."

"As if thou hadst any other reason for that, Waldemar," said De Bracy, "than the promotion of thine own individual interest? Come, Fitzurse, we know each other—ambition is thy pursuit, pleasure is mine, and they become our different ages. Of Prince John thou thinkest as I do; that he is too weak to be a determined monarch, too tyrannical to be an easy monarch, and too fickle and timid to be long a monarch of any kind. But he is a monarch by whom Fitzurse and De Bracy hope to rise and thrive; and therefore you aid him with your policy, and I with the lances of my Free Companions."

"A hopeful auxiliary," said Fitzurse impatiently; "playing the fool in the very moment of utter necessity.—What on earth dost thou purpose by this absurd disguise at a moment so urgent?"

"To get me a wife," answered De Bracy coolly, "after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin, which is as much as to say, that in this same equipment I will fall upon that herd of Saxon bullocks, who have this night left Ashby, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena."

"Art thou mad, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse. "Bethink thee that, though the men be Saxons, they are rich and powerful, and regarded with the more respect by their countrymen, that wealth and honour are but the lot of few of Saxon descent."

"And should belong to none," said De Bracy; "the work of the Conquest should be completed."

"This is no time for it at least," said Fitzurse;

"the approaching crisis renders the favour of the multitude indispensable, and Prince John cannot refuse justice to any one who injures their favourites."

"Let him grant it, if he dare," said De Bracy. "Yet I mean no immediate discovery of myself. Seem I not in this garb as bold a forester as ever blew horn? The blame of the violence shall rest with the outlaws of the Yorkshire forests. I have sure spies on the Saxons' motions.—To-night they sleep in the convent of Saint Withold. Next day's march brings them within our reach, and, falcon-ways, we swoop on them at once. Presently after I will appear in mine own shape, play the courteous knight, rescue the unfortunate and afflicted fair one, conduct her to Front-de-Bœuf's Castle, and produce her not again to her kindred until she be the bride and dame of Maurice de Bracy."

"A marvellously sage plan," said Fitzurse, "and, as I think, not entirely of thine own device.—Come, be frank, De Bracy, who aided thee in the invention? and who is to assist in the execution?"

"Marry, if thou must needs know," said De Bracy, "it was the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert that shaped out the enterprise. He is to aid me in the onslaught, and he and his followers will personate the outlaws."

"By my halidome," said Fitzurse, "the plan was worthy of your united wisdom! and thy prudence, De Bracy, is most especially manifested in the project of leaving the lady in the hands of thy worthy confederate. Thou mayst, I think, succeed in taking her from her Saxon friends, but how thou wilt rescue her afterwards from the clutches of Bois-Guilbert seems considerably more doubtful."

"He is a Templar," said De Bracy, "and cannot therefore rival me in my plan of wedding this heiress."

"Then since nought that I can say," said Fitzurse, "will put this folly from thy imagination, (for well I know the obstinacy of thy disposition,) at least waste as little time as possible—let not thy folly be lasting as well as untimely."

"I tell thee," answered De Bracy, "that it will be the work of a few hours, and I shall be at York at the head of my daring and valorous fellows, as ready to support any bold design as thy policy can be to form one.—But I hear my comrades assembling, and the steeds stamping and neighing in the outer court.—Farewell.—I go, like a true knight, to win the smiles of beauty."

## CHAPTER XV

When Cedric the Saxon saw his son drop down senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into the custody and care of his own attendants, but the words choked in his throat. He could not bring himself to acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son whom he had renounced and disinherited. He ordered, however, Oswald to keep an eye upon him; but it was in vain that Cedric's cupbearer looked around for his young master —he saw the bloody spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer. The only information which he could collect from the bystanders was, that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-attired grooms, and placed in a litter

belonging to a lady among the spectators, which had immediately transported him out of the press.

Cedric, Athelstane, with the Lady Rowena and their attendants had reached the verge of the wooded country, on their return from Ashby, when they were alarmed by repeated cries for assistance; and when they rode up to the place from whence they came, they were surprised to find a horse-litter placed upon the ground, beside which sat a young woman, richly dressed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, whose yellow cap proclaimed him to belong to the same nation, walked up and down with gestures expressive of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands, as if affected by some strange disaster.

When he began to come to himself out of this agony of terror, Isaac of York (for it was our old friend) was at length able to explain, that he had hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby, together with mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. They had come thus far in safety; but having received information from a wood-cutter that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods before them, Isaac's mercenaries had not only taken flight, but had carried off with them the horses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his daughter without the means either of defence or of retreat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by the banditti.

"Would it but please your valours," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, "to permit the poor Jews to travel under your safeguard, I swear by the tables of our law, that never has favour been conferred upon a child of Israel since the days of our captivity, which shall be more gratefully acknowledged."

"Dog of a Jew!" said Athelstane, "dost not remember how thou didst beard us in the gallery at the tilt-yard? If the outlaws rob only such as thee, who rob all the world, I, for mine own share, shall hold them right honest folk."

Cedric did not assent to the severe proposal of his companion. "We shall do better," said he, "to leave them two of our attendants and two horses to convey them back to the next village. It will diminish our strength but little; and with your good sword, noble Athelstane, and the aid of those who remain, it will be light work for us to face twenty of those runagates."

Rowena strongly seconded the proposal of her guardian, but Rebecca, suddenly quitting her dejected posture, and making her way through the attendants to the palfrey of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and, after the Oriental fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Rowena's garment. Then rising, and throwing back her veil, she implored her in the great name of the God whom they both worshipped, that she would have compassion upon them, and suffer them to go forward under their safeguard.

"It is not for myself that I pray this favour," said Rebecca; "nor is it even for that poor old man. I know, that to wrong and to spoil our nation is a light fault, if not a merit, with the Christians. But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be embittered with regret for denying that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal, gave it double weight with the fair Saxon.

"The man is old and feeble," she said to her guardian, "the maiden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in peril of his life—Jews though they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them unload two of the sumpter-mules, and put the baggage behind two of the serfs. The mules may transport the litter, and we have led horses for the old man and his daughter."

Cedric readily assented to what she proposed. The path upon which the party travelled was now so narrow, as not to admit above two riders abreast, and began to descend into a dingle, traversed by a brook whose banks were broken and swampy. Cedric and Athelstane saw the risk of being attacked at this pass, but no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the defile as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without much order, they had just crossed the brook with a part of their followers, when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, with an impetuosity to which, in their confused and ill-prepared condition, it was impossible to offer effectual resistance. The shout of "A white dragon!—a white dragon!—Saint George for merry England!" war-cries adopted by the assailants, as belonging to their assumed character of Saxon outlaws, was heard on every side, and on every side enemies appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Saxon chiefs were made prisoners at the same moment. The attendants, embarrassed with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their

masters, fell an easy prey to the assailants: while the Lady Rowena, in the centre of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter in the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the train none escaped except Wamba and Gurth. A third person suddenly made his appearance, and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have conjectured him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but, besides that he wore no mask, the glittering baldric across his shoulder, with the rich bugle horn which it supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, notwithstanding the twilight, recognise Locksley the yeoman.

"What is the meaning of all this," said he, "or who is it that rifle, and ransom, and make prisoners, in these forests?"

"You may look at their cassocks close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no—for they are as like thine own, as one green pea-cod is to another."

"I will learn that presently," answered Locksley; "and I charge ye, on peril of your lives, not to stir from the place where ye stand, until I have returned.—Yet stay, I must render myself as like these men as possible."

So saying, he unbuckled his baldric with the bugle, took a feather from his cap, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a vizard from his pouch, and, repeating his charges to them to stand fast, went to execute his purposes of reconnoitring. He returned in the course of a few minutes.

"Friend Gurth," he said, "I have mingled among yon men, and have learnt to whom they belong, and whither they are bound. There is, I think, no chance that they will proceed to any actual violence against their prisoners. For three men to attempt them at this moment, were little else than madness, but I trust soon to gather such a force, as may act in defiance of all their precautions; you are both servants, and, as I think, faithful servants of Cedric the Saxon. He shall not want English hands to help him in this extremity. Come then with me till I gather more aid."

So saying, he walked through the wood at a great pace, followed by the jester and the swineherd. After three hours they arrived at a small opening in the forest, in the centre of which grew an enormous oak-tree, beneath which four or five yeomen lay stretched on the ground, while another, as sentinel, walked to and fro in the moonlight shade.

Upon hearing the sound of feet, the watch instantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers started up and bent their bows. Six arrows placed on the string were pointed towards the quarter from which the travellers approached, when their guide, being recognised, was welcomed with every token of respect and attachment.

"Where is the Miller?" was his first question.

"On the road towards Rotherham."

"With how many men?" demanded the leader, for such he seemed to be.

"With six men, and good hope of booty, if it please St. Nicholas."

"Devoutly spoken," said Locksley; "and where is Allan-a-dale?"

"Walked up towards the Watling-street, to watch for the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"That is well thought on also," replied the Captain, —"and where is the Friar?"

"In his cell."

"Thither will I go," said Locksley. "Disperse and seek your companions. Collect what force you can, and meet me here by daybreak.—And, stay," he added, "I have forgotten what is most necessary of the whole.—Two of you take the road quickly towards Torquilstone, the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf. A set of gallants, who have been masquerading in such guise as our own, are carrying a band of prisoners thither.—Keep a close watch on them therefore; and dispatch one of your comrades, the lightest of foot, to bring the news of the yeomen thereabout."

They promised implicit obedience, and departed with alacrity on their different errands. In the meanwhile, their leader and his two companions, pursued their way to the Chapel of Copmanhurst.

## CHAPTER XVI

The anchorite and his guest were performing, at the full extent of their very powerful lungs, an old drinking song, of which this was the burden:

Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me:
Ho! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me.

Locksley's loud and repeated knocks at length disturbed them. "By my beads," said the hermit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this goodly exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Sluggard; and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer drunkenness."

"Base calumniators!" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, there be those in this land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet than barefaced."

"Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Sluggard," said the Hermit, "while I remove these pewter flagons, whose late contents run strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter—for, in faith, I feel somewhat unsteady—strike into the tune which thou hearest me sing; it is no matter for the words—I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis clamavi,* under cover of which he removed the apparatus of their banquet; while the knight, laughing heartily, and arming himself all the while, assisted his host with his voice from time to time as his mirth permitted.

"What devil's matins are you after at this hour?" said a voice from without.

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveller!" said the hermit. "Wend on your way, in the name of God and Saint Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, "open to Locksley!"

"All's safe—all's right," said the hermit to his companion.

"But who is he?" said the Black Knight; "it imports me much to know."

"Who is he?" answered the hermit; "I tell thee he is a friend."

"But what friend," answered the knight; "for he may be friend to thee and none of mine?"

"What friend?" replied the hermit; "that, now, is one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered. What friend?—why he is, now that I bethink me a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since."

"Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a pious hermit," replied the knight, "I doubt it not. But undo the door to him before he beat it from its hinges."

The hermit speedily unbolted his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the yeoman's first question as soon as he beheld the knight, "what boon companion hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the friar, shaking his head; "we have been at our orisons all night."

"He is a monk of the church militant, I think," answered Locksley; "and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, friar, thou must lay down the rosary and take up the quarter-staff; we shall need every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman. But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know? Hast thou forgot our articles?"

"Not know him?" replied the friar, boldly, "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Scrabelstone—as if I would drink with a man and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, friar," said the woodsman, "and, I fear, prating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, coming forward, "be not wroth with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Thou compel!" said the friar; "wait but till I have changed this grey gown for a green cassock, and if I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I am neither true clerk nor good woodsman."

While he spoke thus, he stript off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he speedily did on a cassock of green, and hose of the same colour.

Locksley led the knight a little apart, and addressed him thus:—

"Deny it not, Sir Knight—you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby."

"And what follows if you guess truly, good yeoman?" replied the knight.

"I should in that case hold you," replied the yeoman, "a friend to the weaker party."

"Such is the duty of a true knight at least," replied the Black Champion; "and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me."

"But for my purpose," said the yeoman, "thou shouldst be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for that which I have to speak of concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England."

"You can speak to no one," replied the knight, "to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me."

"I would willingly believe so," said the woodsman, "for never had this country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, in which if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayst take an honourable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Cedric the Saxon, together with his ward, and his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest, called Torquilstone. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight; "but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?"

"I am," said the forester, "a nameless man; but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends. With this account of me you must for the present remain satisfied. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as inviolate as if I wore golden spurs."

"I willingly believe it," said the knight; "I have been accustomed to study men's countenances, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will,

therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom these oppressed captives."

## CHAPTER XVII

While these measures were taking in behalf of Cedric and his companions, the armed men by whom the latter had been seized, hurried their captives along towards the place where they intended to imprison them. Meanwhile, the following dialogue took place between the two leaders of the banditti.

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Templar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second part of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."

"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy; "I will not leave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in Front-de-Bœuf's castle. There will I appear before the Lady Rowena in mine own shape, and trust that she will set down to the vehemence of my passion the violence of which I have been guilty."

"And what has made thee change thy plan, De Bracy?" replied the Knight Templar.

"That concerns thee nothing," answered his companion.

"I would hope, however, Sir Knight," said the Templar, "that this alteration of measures arises from no suspicion of my honourable meaning, such as Fitzurse endeavoured to instil into thee? Hear the truth! I care not for your blue-eyed beauty. There is in that train one who will make me a better mate."

"What! wouldst thou stoop to the waiting damsel?" said De Bracy.

"No, Sir Knight," said the Templar, haughtily. "To the waiting-woman will I not stoop. I have a prize among the captives as lovely as thine own."

"By the mass, thou meanest the fair Jewess!" said De Bracy.

"And if I do," said Bois-Guilbert, "who shall gainsay me?"

"Thou knowest best thine own privileges," said De Bracy. "Yet I would have sworn thy thought had been more on the old usurer's money bags, than on the black eyes of the daughter."

"I can admire both," answered the Templar; "besides, the old Jew is but half prize. I must share his spoils with Front-de-Bœuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. I must have something that I can term exclusively my own by this foray of ours, and I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my peculiar prize. But, now thou knowest my drift, thou will resume thine own original plan, wilt thou not?—Thou hast nothing, thou seest, to fear from my interference."

"No," replied De Bracy, "I will remain beside my prize."

The guards continued to hurry Cedric along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arose Torquilstone, the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. De Bracy winded his horn three times, and the archers and cross-bow men, who had manned the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge, and admit them. The prisoners were compelled to alight by their

guards, who gave Athelstane and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena.

The Lady Rowena was conducted, with courtesy, indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same alarming distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "Base unbeliever," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy lair, thou wilt not wish thy daughter to partake it."

And, without further discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners and hastily thrust into a dungeon-vault of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was received through one or two loop-holes far above the reach of the captive's hand. At one end of this apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some transverse iron bars, half devoured with rust.

With his garment collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, Isaac sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, had that celebrated painter existed at the period. The Jew remained, without altering his position, for nearly three hours, at the expiry of which steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn—

the hinges creaked as the wicket opened, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

He paused within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, coiled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for one of the slaves to approach. The black satellite came forward accordingly, laid a large pair of scales at the feet of Front-de-Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance, at which his companion had already taken his station. Front-de-Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive.

"Most accursed dog of an accursed race," he said "seest thou these scales?"

The unhappy Jew returned a feeble affirmative.

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Abraham!" returned the Jew, finding voice through the very extremity of his danger, "heard man ever such a demand?—Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver?—What human sight was ever blessed with the vision of such a mass of treasure?—Not within the walls of York, ransack my house and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find the tithe of that huge sum of silver that thou speakest of."

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if silver be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbelieving carcass from such punishment as thy heart has never even conceived."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old, and poor, and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me.—It is a poor deed to crush a worm."

"Old thou mayst be," replied the knight; "more shame to their folly who have suffered thee to grow grey in usury and knavery—Feeble thou mayst be, for when had a Jew either heart or hand—But rich it is well known thou art."

"I swear to you, noble knight," said the Jew, "by all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common"——

"Perjure not thyself," said the Norman, interrupting him, "and let not thine obstinacy seal thy doom, until thou hast seen and well considered the fate that awaits thee. I swear to thee by that which thou dost NOT believe, by the gospel which our Church teaches, and by the keys which are given her to bind and to loose, that my purpose is deep and peremptory."

He again made a signal for the slaves to approach, and spoke to them apart, in their own language. The Saracens produced a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel, the other disposed the charcoal in the large rusty grate which we have already mentioned, and exercised the bellows until the fuel came to a red glow.

"Seest thou, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal?—on that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy wretched limbs

with oil, lest the roast should burn.—Now, choose betwixt such a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver; for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option."

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty!"

"Trust not to that, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "it were a fatal error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a town sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by flood, and by fire, will blench from my purpose for the outcries or screams of one single wretched Jew?—Be wise, old man; discharge thyself of a portion of thy superfluous wealth; repay to the hands of a Christian a part of what thou hast acquired by the usury thou hast practised on those of his religion. Tell down thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such rate thou canst redeem thee from a dungeon, the secrets of which few have returned to tell. I waste no more words with thee—choose between thy dross and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choosest, so shall it be."

"So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of our people assist me," said Isaac, "I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your exorbitant demand!"

"Seize him and strip him, slaves," said the knight, "and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

## CHAPTER XVIII

THE assistants, taking their directions more from the Baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, once more stepped forward, laid hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, waited the hard-hearted Baron's further signal. The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front-de-Bœuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting, then looked at the glowing furnace, over which he was presently to be stretched, and seeing no chance of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way.

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of silver—That is," he added, after a moment's pause, "I will pay it with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so unheard-of a sum.—When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "here it must be delivered—weighed it must be—weighed and told down on this very dungeon floor.—Thinkest thou I will part with thee until thy ransom is secure?"

"And what is to be my surety," said the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?"

"The word of a Norman noble, thou pawn-broking slave," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "the faith of a Norman nobleman, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe."

"I crave pardon, noble lord," said Isaac timidly, "but wherefore should I rely wholly on the word of one who will trust nothing to mine?"

"Because thou canst not help it, Jew," said the knight, sternly. "Wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, and were I craving a loan of thy shekels, it would be thine to dictate the time of payment, and the pledge of security. This is *my* treasure-chamber. Here I have thee at advantage nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I grant thee liberty."

The Jew groaned deeply.—"Grant me," he said, "at least with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel. They scorned me as a Jew, yet they pitied my desolation, and because they tarried to aid me by the way, a share of my evil hath come upon them; moreover, they may contribute in some sort to my ransom."

"If thou meanest yonder Saxon churls," said Front-de-Bœuf, "their ransom will depend upon other terms than thine. Mind thine own concerns, Jew, I warn thee, and meddle not with those of others."

"I am, then," said Isaac, "only to be set at liberty together with mine wounded friend?"

"Shall I twice recommend it," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to a son of Israel, to meddle with his own concerns, and leave those of others alone?—Since thou hast made thy choice, it remains but that thou payest down thy ransom, and that at a short day."

"Let my daughter, Rebecca, go forth to York," answered Isaac, "with your safe conduct, noble knight, and so soon as man and horse can return, the treasure"—Here he groaned deeply, but added, after the pause of a few seconds—"The treasure shall be told down on this very floor."

"Thy daughter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, as if sur-

prised.—"By heavens, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I deemed that yonder black-browed girl had been thy wife, and I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old, who set us in these matters a wholesome example."

The yell which Isaac raised at this unfeeling communication made the very vault to ring, and astounded the two Saracens so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He availed himself of his enlargement to throw himself on the pavement, and clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said he, "Sir Knight—take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me on that furnace, but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety and honour!—She is the image of my deceased Rachel, she is the last of six pledges of her love—Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort?"

"I would," said the Norman, somewhat relenting, "that I had known of this before. I thought your race had loved nothing save their money bags."

"Think not so vilely of us, Jews though we be," said Isaac, "the hunted fox, the tortured wild-cat, loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children!"

"Be it so," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I will believe it in future, Isaac, for thy very sake—but it aids us not now, I cannot help what has happened, or what is to follow; my word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for ten Jews and Jewesses to boot. Besides, why shouldst thou think evil is to

come to the girl, even if she became Bois-Guilbert's booty?"

"There will, there must!" exclaimed Isaac, wringing his hands in agony; "when did Templars breathe aught but cruelty to men, and dishonour to women!"

"Dog of an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, "blaspheme not the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or woe betide thy Jewish throat!"

"Robber and villain!" said the Jew, retorting the insults of his oppressor with passion, which, however impotent, he now found it impossible to bridle, "I will pay thee nothing—not one silver penny will I pay thee, unless my daughter is delivered to me in safety and honour?"

"Art thou in thy senses, Israelite?" said the Norman, sternly—"has thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; "do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy avaricious throat—no, not a silver penny will I give thee, Nazarene, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited! Take my life if thou wilt, and say, the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian."

"We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf; "for by the blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy accursed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel!—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars."

In spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the Saracens had already torn from him his upper garment, and were proceeding totally to disrobe him, when the sound of a bugle, twice winded without the castle, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after loud voices were heard calling for Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage Baron gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and, quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his deliverance.

## CHAPTER XIX

The apartment to which the Lady Rowena had been introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence, and her being placed there might be considered as a peculiar mark of respect not offered to the other prisoners. It was about the hour of noon, when De Bracy, for whose advantage the expedition had been first planned, appeared to prosecute his views upon her hand and possessions.

He saluted the lady by doffing his velvet bonnet. With this, he gently motioned her to a seat; and, as she still retained her standing posture, the knight ungloved his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena declined, by her gesture, the proffered compliment, and replied, "If I be in the presence of my jailor, Sir Knight—nor will circumstances allow me to think otherwise—it best becomes his prisoner to remain standing till she learns her doom."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in presence of your captive, not your jailor; and it is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you fondly expect from him."

"I know you not, sir," said the lady; "I know you not—and the insolent familiarity with which you apply to me the jargon of a troubadour, forms no apology for the violence of a robber."

"To thyself, fair maid," answered De Bracy, in his former tone—"to thine own charms be ascribed whate'er I have done which passed the respect due to her, whom I have chosen queen of my heart, and loadstar of my eyes."

"I repeat to you, Sir Knight, that I know you not, and that no man wearing chain and spurs ought thus to intrude himself upon the presence of an unprotected lady."

"That I am unknown to you," said De Bracy, "is indeed my misfortune; yet let me hope that De Bracy's name has not been always unspoken, when minstrels or heralds have praised deeds of chivalry."

"To heralds and to minstrels, then, leave thy praise, Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "more suiting for their mouths than for thine own; and tell me which of them shall record in song, or in book of tourney, the memorable conquest of this night, a conquest obtained over an old man, followed by a few timid hinds; and its booty, an unfortunate maiden, transported against her will to the castle of a robber?"

"You are unjust, Lady Rowena," said the knight; "yourself free from passion, you can allow no excuse for the frenzy of another, although caused by your own beauty."

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "to cease a language so commonly used by strolling minstrels, that it becomes not the mouth of knights or nobles."

"Proud damsel," said De Bracy, "thou shalt be as proudly encountered. Know then, that I have supported my pretensions to your hand in the way that best suited thy character. It is meeter for thy humour to be wooed with bow and bill, than in set terms, and in courtly language."

"Courtesy of tongue," said Rowena, "when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown. I wonder not that the restraint appears to gall you—more it were for your honour to have retained the dress and language of an outlaw, than to veil the deeds of one under an affectation of gentle language and demeanour."

"You counsel well, lady," said the Norman; "and in the bold language which best justifies bold action, I tell thee, thou shalt never leave this castle, or thou shalt leave it as Maurice de Bracy's wife. Thou art proud, Rowena, and thou art the fitter to be my wife. By what other means couldst thou be raised to high honour and to princely place, saving by my alliance? How else wouldst thou escape from the mean precincts of a country grange, where Saxons herd with the swine which form their wealth?"

"Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "trust me, when I leave the grange which hath been my shelter from infancy—should that day ever arrive—it shall be with one who has not learnt to despise the dwelling and manners in which I have been brought up."

"I guess your meaning, lady," said De Bracy; "but dream not that Richard Cœur de Lion will ever

resume his throne, far less that Wilfred of Ivanhoe, his minion, will ever lead thee to his footstool, to be there welcomed as the bride of a favourite. Know, lady, that this rival is in my power, and that it rests but with me to betray the secret of his being within the castle to Front-de-Bœuf, whose jealousy will be more fatal than mine."

"Wilfred here?" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front-de-Bœuf is his rival."

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he; "didst thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe travelled in the litter of the Jew?"

"And if he is here," said Rowena, compelling herself to a tone of indifference, though trembling with apprehension, "in what is he the rival of Front-de-Bœuf? or what has he to fear beyond a short imprisonment, and an honourable ransom, according to the use of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "knowest thou not there is a jealousy of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love; and that this our host, Front-de-Bœuf, will push from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair barony of Ivanhoe, as eagerly and unscrupulously as if he were preferred to him by some blue-eyed damsel? But smile on my suit, lady, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front-de-Bœuf."

"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy; "for, when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy, who is it shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her kinsman—the son of her guardian—the

companion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. Use thine influence with me in his behalf, and he is safe,—refuse to employ it, Wilfred dies, and thou thyself are not the nearer to freedom."

"Thy language," answered Rowena, "hath in its indifferent bluntness something which cannot be reconciled with the horrors it seems to express. I believe not that thy purpose is so wicked, or thy power so great."

"Flatter thyself, then, with that belief," said De Bracy, "until time shall prove it false. Thy lover lies wounded in this castle—thy preferred lover. He is a bar betwixt Front-de-Bœuf and that which Front-de-Bœuf loves better than either ambition or beauty. What will it cost beyond the blow of a poniard, or the thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition for ever? Cedric also——"

"And Cedric also," said Rowena, repeating his words; "my noble—my generous guardian! I deserved the evil I have encountered, for forgetting his fate even in that of his son!"

"Cedric's fate also depends upon thy determination," said De Bracy; "and I leave thee to form it."

Hitherto, Rowena had sustained her part in this trying scene with undismayed courage, but it was because she had not considered the danger as serious and imminent. After casting her eyes around as if to look for the aid which was nowhere to be found, and after a few broken interjections, she raised her hands to heaven, and burst into a passion of uncontrolled vexation and sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautiful a creature in such extremity without feeling for her, and De Bracy was not unmoved, though he was yet

more embarrassed than touched. He had, in truth, gone too far to recede; and yet, in Rowena's present condition, she could not be acted on either by argument or threats.

Agitated by his thoughts, he could only bid her be comforted, and assure her, that as yet she had no reason for the excess of despair to which she was now giving way. But in this task of consolation De Bracy was interrupted by the horn, which had at the same time alarmed the other inmates of the castle, and interrupted their several plans.

## CHAPTER XX

While the scenes we have described were passing in other parts of the castle, the Jewess Rebecca awaited her fate in a distant and sequestered turret. On being thrust into the little cell she found herself in the presence of an old sibyl, who kept murmuring to herself a Saxon rhyme, as if to beat time to the revolving dance which her spindle was performing on the floor.

"Thou must up and away, old house-cricket," said one of Rebecca's guards "our noble master commands it—Thou must e'en leave this chamber to a fairer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thus is service requited. I have known when my bare word would have cast the best man-at-arms among ye out of saddle and out of service; and now must I up and away at the command of every groom such as thou."

REBECCA AND URFRIED.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

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"Good Dame Urfried," said the other man, "stand not to reason on it, but up and away. Thou hast had thy day, old dame, but thy sun has long been set."

The men retired, leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman.

"What country art thou of?" said the hag; "a Saracen? or an Egyptian?—Why dost not answer?—thou canst weep, canst thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou needst say no more," replied Urfried; "men know a fox by the train, and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what I am to expect as the conclusion of the violence which hath dragged me hither! Is it my life they seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down cheerfully."

"Thy life, minion?" answered the sibyl. "Trust me, thy life is in no peril. Such usage shalt thou have as was once thought good enough for a noble Saxon maiden. Look at me—I was as young and twice as fair as thou, when Front-de-Bœuf, father of this Reginald, and his Normans, stormed this castle. My father and his seven sons defended their inheritance from story to story, from chamber to chamber. They died—they died every man; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their blood was dried, I had become the prey and the scorn of the conqueror!"

"Is there no help?—Are there no means of escape?" said Rebecca—"Richly, richly would I requite thine aid."

"Think not of it," said the hag; "from hence there is no escape but through the gates of death. Fare thee well, Jewess!—Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be

the same; for thou hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor pity."

"Stay! stay! for Heaven's sake!" said Rebecca, "thy presence is some protection."

"The presence of the mother of God were no protection," answered the old woman. "There she stands," pointing to a rude image of the Virgin Mary, "see if she can avert the fate that awaits thee."

She left the room as she spoke, and locked the door behind her.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Rowena. Yet she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to encounter the dangers to which she was exposed. Her first care was to inspect the apartment; but it afforded few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trap-door, and unless where the door by which she had entered joined the main building, seemed to be circumscribed by the round exterior wall of the turret. The door had no inside bolt or bar. The single window opened upon an embattled space surmounting the turret, which gave Rebecca, at first sight, some hopes of escaping; but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements, being an isolated bartisan.

The prisoner trembled and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret-chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and shut the door behind him; his cap, pulled down upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face, and he held his mantle in such

a manner as to muffle the rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of some deed, at the thought of which he was himself ashamed, he stood before the affrighted prisoner. Rebecca had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar, which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father! These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle, free and uninjured."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw in French; "but know, bright lily of the vale of Baca! that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. Thy ransom must be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused such offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth—O, be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, save youth and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of these ornaments."

"What wouldst thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not my wealth?—We can have nought in common between us—you are a Christian—I am a Jewess.—Our union were contrary to the laws, alike of the church and the synagogue."

"It were so, indeed," replied the Templar, laughing; "wed with a Jewess? *Despardieux!*—Not if she were the Queen of Sheba! Hearken, Rebecca, thou art the captive of my bow and spear—subject to my will by the laws of all nations: nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity. One thing only can save thee. Submit to thy fate—embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state, that many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in beauty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca—"and, sacred Heaven! to what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain?—*thou* the best lance of the Templars!—Craven knight!—forsworn priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee.—The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy!"

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which led to the bartisan, and in an instant after stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice

advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice."

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar fervently; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far;" and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures. —"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminsh by one step the distance now between us thou shalt see that

the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God than her honour to the Templar!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"Thou needst no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she; "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar; "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice! I am not naturally that which you have seen me, hard, selfish, and relentless. Hear me, Rebecca—Never did knight take lance in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Bois-Guilbert. She, the daughter of a petty baron, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done.—Yes, my deeds, my danger, my blood, made the name of Adelaide de Montemare known from the court of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I requited?—When I returned with my dear-bought honours, purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain!

Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties,—My manhood must know no domestic home—must be soothed by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth,—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must outlive me, to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes, but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice?"

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "revenge is a feast for the gods!—And ambition? it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself.—Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not, it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch!—Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse.—The Templar loses his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body, before which thrones already tremble. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the batoon of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of kings. Our mailed step shall ascend their

throne—our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Sayest thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Bethink thee"——

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. But that bugle-sound announces something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell!—I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touchstone. I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee."

## CHAPTER XXI

When the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there, and they were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœuf.

"Let us see the cause of this cursed clamour," said Front-de-Bœuf—"here is a letter, and, if I mistake not, it is in Saxon."

He looked at it, turning it round and round, as if he had had really some hopes of coming at the meaning by inverting the position of the paper, and then handed it to De Bracy.

"It may be magic spells for aught I know," said De Bracy.

"Give it me," said the Templar. "We have that of the priestly character, that we have some knowledge to enlighten our valour."

The Templar accordingly read it as follows:

"I, Wamba, the son of Witless, Jester to a noble and free-born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon,—And I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, namely, the good knight, called for the present *Le Noir Faineant*, and the stout yeoman, Robert Locksley, Do you, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your accomplices, to wit, that whereas you have wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn damsel, the Lady Rowena of Hargott-standstede; also upon the person of a noble and free-born man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: therefore we require and demand that the persons aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, untouched and unharmed. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you in his keeping. —Signed by us upon the eve of St. Withold's day, under the great trysting oak in the Hart-hill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, Clerk to St. Dunstan, in the Chapel of Copmanhurst."

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation,

by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, seemed impatient of their ill-timed jocularity.

"By St. Michael," he said, "I would thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure thyself, De Bracy. These fellows dared not have acted with such inconceivable impudence, had they not been supported by some strong bands.—Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to see by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered a squire who was in attendance.

"Let us summon our people," said the Templar, "and sally forth upon them. One knight—ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be ashamed to couch lance against them."

"Sally, saidst thou?" answered Front-de-Bœuf; "we have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York; so is all your band, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"

"Not so, Sir Brian," answered Front-de-Bœuf. "These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them."

"Send to thy neighbours," said the Templar; "let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a jester and a swineherd in the baronial castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf!"

"You jest, Sir Knight," answered the baron, "but to whom should I send?—Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies."

"Then send to York, and recall our people," said De Bracy.

"And who shall bear such a message?" said Front-de-Bœuf; "they will beset every path, and rip the errand out of his bosom.—I have it," he added, after pausing for a moment.—"Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read, and thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and indited, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor:

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receive no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to receive their confession, and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon."

This letter being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the headquarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three arrow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, and the jovial hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons.

The Black Knight, taking the letter from Locksley, first read it over to himself, and then explained the meaning in Saxon to his confederates.

"Execute the noble Cedric!" exclaimed Wamba; "by the rood, thou must be mistaken, Sir Knight."

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the knight, "I have explained the words as they are here set down."

" 'Tis but a contrivance to gain time," said Locksley; "they dare not do a deed for which I could exact a fearful penalty."

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee, and thy advice!" said the pious hermit: "I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "I fear greatly, there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the nonce, this same character of father confessor?"

All looked on each other and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must be still the fool, and put his neck in a venture. You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, that I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar, until a brain-fever came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric, and his companions in adversity."

"On with the frock then, good fellow," quoth the Knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Time wears—away with thee."

"*Pax vobiscum*," said Wamba, who was now muffled in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.

## CHAPTER XXII

When the Jester, arrayed in the cowl and frock of the hermit, stood before the portal of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, the warder demanded of him his name and errand.

"*Pax vobiscum*," answered the Jester, "I am a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis, who come hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now secured within this castle."

When Wamba found himself in the presence of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, he brought out his *pax vobiscum* with more hesitation than had hitherto accompanied it. But Front-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed father did not give him any cause of suspicion. "Who and whence art thou, priest?" said he.

"*Pax vobiscum*," reiterated the Jester, "I am a poor servant of St. Francis, who, travelling through this wilderness, have fallen among thieves, which thieves have sent me unto this castle in order to do my

ghostly office on two persons condemned by your honourable justice."

"Ay, right," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "and canst thou tell me, holy father, the number of those banditti?"

"Gallant sir," answered the Jester, "*nomen illis legio*, their name is legion."

"Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are."

"Alas!" said the supposed friar, "I was like to burst with fear! but I conceive they may be—what of yeomen—what of commons, at least five hundred men."

"What!" said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, "muster the wasps so thick here? it is time to stifle such a mischievous brood." Then taking Front-de-Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

"He is a stranger from a distant convent," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I know him not."

"Then trust him not with thy purpose in words," answered the Templar. "Let him carry a written order to De Bracy's company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master's aid. In the meantime, that the shaveling may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about this task of preparing these Saxon hogs for the slaughter-house."

"It shall be so," said Front-de-Bœuf. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct Wamba to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstane were confined.

"*Pax vobiscum*," said the Jester, entering the apartment; "the blessing of St. Dunstan, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye."

"Enter freely," answered Cedric to the supposed friar; "with what intent art thou come hither?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the Jester.

"It is impossible!" replied Cedric, "they dare not attempt such cruelty!"

"Alas!" said the Jester, "to restrain them by their sense of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink ye, therefore, what crimes you have committed; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearest thou this, Athelstane?" said Cedric; "we must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since better it is we should die like men, than live like slaves. Let us then unto our holy gear, father."

"Wait yet a moment, good uncle," said the Jester, in his natural tone; "better look long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that voice!"

"It is that of your trusty slave and jester," answered Wamba, throwing back his cowl. "Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long."

"How mean'st thou, knave?" answered the Saxon.

"Even thus," replied Wamba; "take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thee in my stead!" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; "why, they would hang thee, my poor knave."

"E'en let them do as they are permitted," said Wamba.

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "for one thing will I grant thy request. And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me."

"No, by St. Dunstan," answered Wamba; "there were little reason in that. Good right there is, that the son of Witless should suffer to save the son of Hereward; but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to his."

"Let the old tree wither," continued Cedric, "so the stately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba! it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins."

"Not so, father Cedric," said Athelstane, grasping his hand. "Not so," he continued; "I would rather remain in this hall a week without food or drink save the prisoner's, than embrace the opportunity to escape which the slave's untaught kindness has purveyed for his master."

"You are called wise men, sirs," said the Jester, "and I a crazed fool; but, uncle Cedric, and cousin Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye. Kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or stool-ball. I'll hang for no man but my own born master."

"Go, then, noble Cedric," said Athelstane. "Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue —your remaining here would ruin us all."

"And is there any prospect, then, of rescue from without?" said Cedric, looking to the Jester.

"Prospect, indeed!" echoed Wamba; "let me tell you, when you fill my cloak, you are wrapped in a

general's cassock. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. Well, we shall see what good they will make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. And so farewell, master! and let my cockscomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful——fool."

The last word came out with a sort of double expression, betwixt jest and earnest. The tears stood in Cedric's eyes.

"Thy memory shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth!"

The exchange of dress was now accomplished, when a sudden doubt struck Cedric.

"I know no language," he said "but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wamba—"*Pax vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar as a broomstick to a witch. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone,—*Pax vobiscum!*—it is irresistible."

"If such prove the case," said his master, "my religious orders are soon taken—*Pax vobiscum.* I trust I shall remember the pass-word.—Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy. I will save you or return and die with you. One hair shall not fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it.—Farewell."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wamba; and remember *Pax vobiscum.*"

## CHAPTER XXIII

Upon entering the Gothic apartment, Front-de-Bœuf found a flagon of wine on the massive oaken table, and the two Saxon captives under the guard of his dependants. Front-de-Bœuf took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners;—for the manner in which Wamba drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the Baron's imperfect acquaintance with the features of Cedric prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said Front-de-Bœuf, "how relish ye your entertainment at Torquilstone? By God and St. Dennis, an ye pay not rich ransom, I will hang ye up by the feet!—Speak out, ye Saxon dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives?—How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a doit I," answered poor Wamba—"and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy, they say, ever since the biggin was bound first round my head."

"Saint Genevieve!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester, and throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Giles—Clement—dogs and varlets!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who just entered the apartment. "This is Cedric's clown."

"He shall hang," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "unless his master and this boar of Coningsburgh will pay well for his life. Go," said he to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Cedric hither, and I pardon your error for once; the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Saxon franklin."

"Ay, but," said Wamba, "your chivalrous excellency will find there are more fools than franklins among us."

"What means the knave?" said Front-de-Bœuf.

"Saints of Heaven!" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have escaped in the monk's garments!"

"Fiends of hell!" echoed Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then the boar of Rotherwood whom I ushered to the postern, and dismissed with my own hands!—And thou," he said to Wamba, "I will give thee holy orders —I will shave thy crown for thee!—Here, let them tear the scalp from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements—Thy trade is to jest, canst thou jest now?"

"You deal with me better than your word, noble knight," whimpered forth poor Wamba; "if you give me the red cap you propose, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"The poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his vocation.—Front-de-Bœuf, you shall not slay him. Give him to me to make sport for my Free Companions.—How sayst thou, knave? Wilt thou take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me?"

"Ay, with my master's leave," said Wamba; "for,

look you, I must not slip collar" (and he touched that which he wore) "without his permission."

"Thou dost well, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to stand there listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is gaping for us!"

"To the battlements then," said De Bracy; "when didst thou ever see me the graver for the thoughts of battle! Here, Saxon," he continued, addressing Athelstane, "rouse up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"Dismiss me free," answered Athelstane, "with my companions, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And wilt moreover assure us the retreat of that scum of mankind who are swarming around the castle?" said Front-de-Bœuf.

"In so far as I can," answered Athelstane, "I will withdraw them."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf—"thou and they are to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. But mark, this extends not to the Jew Isaac,"

"Nor to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar, who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Saxon's company."

"I were unworthy to be called Christian, if they did," replied Athelstane: "deal with the unbelievers as ye list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy. "It shall never be said I was scared out of a fair prize without striking a blow for it."

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "does our treaty refer to this wretched Jester."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Athelstane, "is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The slave Wamba has this day saved the life of my father Cedric—I will lose mine ere a hair of his head be injured."

"The Lady Rowena the affianced bride of a vassal like thee?" said De Bracy. "I tell thee, the Princes of the House of Anjou confer not their wards on men of such lineage as thine."

"My lineage, proud Norman," replied Athelstane, "is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a beggarly Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the thieves whom he assembles under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war and wise in council, who every day feasted in their hall more hundreds than thou canst number individual followers."

"Thou hast it, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf; "the Saxon hath hit thee fairly."

"As fairly as a captive can strike," said De Bracy. "But thy glibness of reply, comrade" (speaking to Athelstane), "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a menial, who announced that brother Ambrose, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jorvaulx, demanded admittance at the postern gate.

The Saxon prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"Holy Mother!" said he, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping! Ye are friends and allies

of our reverend father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx; ye owe him aid both by knightly faith and holy charity; be it known to you, brave knights, that certain murderous caitiffs, casting behind them fear of God, and reverence of his Church——"

"Brother priest," said the Templar, "all this we know or guess at—tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?"

"Surely," said Ambrose, "he is in the hands of the men of Belial, infesters of these woods."

"Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs," said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions. "Speak out, priest, and say at once, what doth thy master expect from us?"

"So please you," said Ambrose, "violent hands having been imposed on my reverend superior, they do yet demand of him a large sum besides. Wherefore the reverend father prays you to rescue him, either by paying down the ransom at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion."

"The foul fiend quell the Prior!" said Front-de-Bœuf. "When did thy master hear of a Norman baron unbuckling his purse to relieve a churchman, whose bags are ten times as weighty as ours?—And how can we do aught by valour to free him, that are cooped up here by ten times our number?"

"To the battlements!" cried De Bracy, "and let us mark what these knaves do without;" and so saying, he opened a window, and immediately called from thence to those in the apartment—"Saint Dennis! they bring forward mantelets and pavisses, and the archers muster on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hailstorm."

Reginald Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately snatched his bugle; and, after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side, where the walls are lowest—Noble Bois-Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look thou to the western side—I myself will take post at the barbican."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose, "I beseech thee to hear me, noble Sir Reginald!"

"Go patter thy petitions to heaven," said the fierce Norman, "for we on earth have no time to listen to them."

The Templar had in the meantime been looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers. "See ye how dexterously," he said, "they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our cross-bows? I will gage my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of wars."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armour. See yon tall man in the black mail—by St. Dennis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-Bœuf, "that he comes here to give me my revenge."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few fol-

lowers whom they were able to muster they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

## CHAPTER XXIV

When Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by all the world, it was the importunity of Rebecca which had prevailed on her father to have the young warrior transported from the lists to the house which for the time the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

"Holy Abraham!" exclaimed Isaac, "he is a good youth, and my heart bleeds to see the gore trickle down his rich embroidered hacqueton, and his corslet of goodly price—but to carry him to our house!—damsel, hast thou well considered? he is a Christian, and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of our commerce."

"Speak not so, my dear father," replied Rebecca; "in wounds and in misery, the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother. Let them place him in my litter; I will mount one of the palfreys."

"That were to expose thee to the gaze of those dogs of Ishmael and of Edom," whispered Isaac. "Beard of Aaron!—what if the youth perish!—if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?"

"He will not die, my father," said Rebecca, "he will not die unless we abandon him; and if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man."

"Nay," said Isaac, "it grieveth me as much to see

the drops of his blood, as if they were so many golden byzants from mine own purse; and I well know that the lessons of Miriam have made thee skilful in the art of healing. Therefore do as thy mind giveth thee."

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical science in all its branches, and she had been heedfully brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which had been acquired under an aged Jewess, Miriam. Ivanhoe was still in a state of unconsciousness, and Rebecca having applied to his wound such vulnerary remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if the healing balsam of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the ensuing day.

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivanhoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. When he awoke from a broken slumber, he found himself, to his great surprise, in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume, that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to Palestine. The impression was increased, when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair apparition, she imposed silence by placing her

slender finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. Ivanhoe suffered them in silence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until this kind physician was about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed.—"Gentle maiden," he began in the Arabian tongue, "I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy"——

"I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate."

"Noble damsel,"—again the Knight of Ivanhoe began.

"Bestow not on me, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "the epithet of noble. Know that your handmaiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of York, to whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It well becomes him, and those of his household, to render to you such careful tendance as your present state demands."

I know not whether the fair Rowena would have been altogether satisfied with the species of emotion with which her devoted knight had hitherto gazed on the lovely Rebecca. But Ivanhoe was too good a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings towards a Jewess. The glance of respectful admiration, not altogether unmixed with tenderness, with which he had hitherto regarded his unknown benefactress, was exchanged at once for a manner cold, composed, and collected.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature

imputed no fault to Ivanhoe for sharing in the universal prejudices of his age and religion. She informed him of the necessity they were under of removing to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and tend him in his own house until his health should be restored. Ivanhoe expressed great repugnance to this plan, which he grounded on unwillingness to give further trouble to his benefactors.

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon franklin, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his armour?—Was there no convent of Saxon endowment, where he could be received?"

"Any, the worst of these harbourages," said Rebecca, with a melancholy smile, "would unquestionably be more fitting for your residence than the abode of a despised Jew; yet, Sir Knight, unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them. No Nazarene—I crave your forgiveness, Sir Knight—no Christian leech, within the four seas of Britain, could enable you to bear your corslet within a month."

"And how soon wilt *thou* enable me to brook it?" said Ivanhoe, impatiently.

"Within eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conformable to my directions," replied Rebecca.

"By Our Blessed Lady," said Wilfred, "if it be not a sin to name her here, it is no time for me or any true knight to be bedridden; and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will pay thee with my casque full of crowns, come by them as I may."

"I will accomplish my promise," said Rebecca, "and thou shalt bear thine armour on the eighth day from hence, if thou wilt grant me but one boon in the stead of the silver thou dost promise me."

"If it be within my power, and such as a true Christian knight may yield to one of thy people," replied Ivanhoe, "I will grant thy boon blithely and thankfully."

"Nay," answered Rebecca, "I will but pray of thee to believe henceforward that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without desiring other guerdon than the blessing of the Great Father who made both Jew and Gentile."

"It were sin to doubt it, maiden," replied Ivanhoe; "and I repose myself on thy skill without further scruple or question, well trusting you will enable me to bear my corslet on the eighth day. And now, my kind leech, let me enquire of the news abroad. What of the noble Saxon Cedric and his household?—what of the lovely Lady"—— He stopt, as if unwilling to speak Rowena's name in the house of a Jew—"Of her, I mean, who was named Queen of the tournament?"

"And who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity, with judgment which was admired as much as your valour," replied Rebecca.

"It was less of her I would speak," said he, "than of Prince John; and I would fain know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now attends me not?"

"Let me use my authority as a leech," answered Rebecca, "and enjoin you to keep silence, and avoid agitating reflections, whilst I apprize you of what you desire to know. Prince John hath broken off the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York,

with the nobles, knights, and churchman of his party, after collecting such sums as they could wring, by fair means or foul, from those who are esteemed the wealthy of the land. It is said he designs to assume his brother's crown."

"Not without a blow struck in its defence," said Ivanhoe, raising himself upon the couch, "if there were but one true subject in England. I will fight for Richard's title with the best of them—ay, one or two, in his just quarrel!"

"But that you may be able to do so," said Rebecca, touching his shoulder with her hand, "you must now observe my directions, and remain quiet."

"True, maiden," said Ivanhoe, "as quiet as these disquieted times will permit—And of Cedric and his household?"

"I learned that Cedric and Athelstane of Coningsburgh were about to set forth on their return homeward, with the Lady Rowena. And touching your faithful squire Gurth"——

"Ha!" exclaimed the knight, "knowest thou his name?—But thou dost," he immediately added, "and well thou mayst, for it was from thy hand, and, as I am now convinced, from thine own generosity of spirit, that he received but yesterday a hundred zecchins."

"Speak not of that," said Rebecca, blushing deeply; "I see how easy it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would gladly conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Ivanhoe, gravely, "my honour is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Rebecca, "when eight days have passed away; but think not, and speak not now, of aught that may retard thy recovery."

"It seems," said Ivanhoe, "as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomsoever hath shown kindness to me. My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou seest that the brother most indebted to him is raising his arms to grasp his crown;—my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the fairest of her sex. Be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortunes which track my footsteps like slot-hounds, shall involve thee also in their pursuit."

"Nay," said Rebecca, "thou hast been restored to thy county when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast humbled the pride of thine enemies and those of thy king, when their horn was most highly exalted.—Therefore, be of good courage, and having taken the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Reuben, compose thyself again to rest."

## CHAPTER XXV

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions, of Rebecca. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lists, and every precaution taken for his travelling with ease. Isaac, however, had the fear of robbery before his eyes. He therefore journeyed at a great rate, and made short halts, and shorter repasts, so that he passed by Cedric and Athelstane who had several hours the start of him. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling bred several disputes

between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. And thus it happened, that when the alarm of danger approached, he was deserted by the discontented mercenaries on whose protection he had relied.

In this deplorable condition the Jew, with his daughter and her wounded patient, were found by Cedric, as has already been noticed, and soon afterwards fell into the power of De Bracy and his confederates. De Bracy's astonishment was considerable, when he discovered that the litter contained a wounded man, who, conceiving himself to have fallen into the power of Saxon outlaws, with whom his name might be a protection for himself and his friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

On arriving at Torquilstone, while the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were each intent upon their own schemes, the one on the Jew's treasure and the other on his daughter, De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, under the name of a wounded comrade, to a distant apartment. Here his charge was transferred to Urfried, or Ulrica, as she was properly called. But she, whose brain was burning with remembrance of injuries and with hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to devolve upon Rebecca the care of her patient.

In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced. As she felt his pulse, and enquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. The cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you.

gentle maiden?" recalled her to herself; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her that he was as well and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner in the Castle of Front-de-Bœuf—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; and that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not.

The noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Rebecca's eye kindled, as she

repeated, half whispering to herself, the sacred text,—"the quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

Ivanhoe was glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray.

"If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go.—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft"——

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "do not expose thyself to wounds and death; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Being placed on an angle of the main building, she could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

IVANHOE NURSED BY REBECCA.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

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"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you. They appear even now preparing to advance—God of Zion, protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant De Bracy—Beauseant! Beau-seant!—Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

## CHAPTER XXVI

The archers shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his

person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! —Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm. What dost thou see, Rebecca?"

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers

with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. —They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed "He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness— "But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman— he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts—Who yield?—who push their way?"

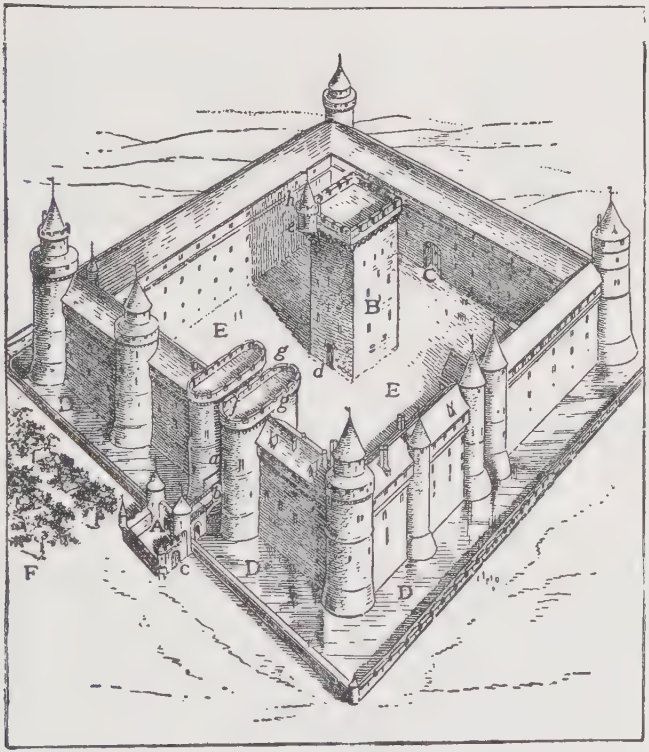
"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better."

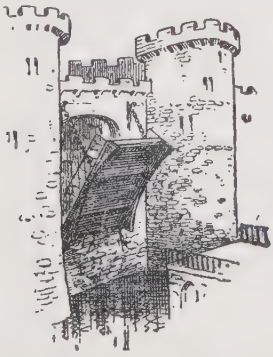
"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, "methought

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A CASTLE, ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFERENT PARTS MENTIONED IN THE ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE, OF WHICH THE PICTURE IS AN IMAGINARY REPRESENTATION.



Drawbridge when raised.

*A*. Barbican or outwork.
*B*. Keep with dungeons beneath.
*C*. Main entrance.
*D*. Moat filled with water.
*E*. Court-yard.
*F*. First position of out-laws.
*a*. postern gate.
*b*. drawbridge.
*c*. postern of barbican.
*d*. entrance to dungeon underground in which Isaac is confined.
*e*. bartisan where Rebecca and Ivanhoe were.
*f*. position of De Bracy.
*g*. battlements.
*h*. parapet whence Rebecca threatened to throw herself.

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there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—A fetterlock and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen

him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors.—It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat.—I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action will not fail to injure your returning health—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca; "alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's mouldering tomb sufficient reward for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight im-

patiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprize which sanctions his flame."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time? And my father!— oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavouring to fortify her mind.

## CHAPTER XXVII

MEANWHILE, the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. The moment had now arrived when earth and all his treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the savage Baron's heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity.

"Where be these dog-priests now," growled the Baron, "who set such price on their ghostly mummery?—where be all those unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf founded the convent of St. Anne? Me, the heir of their founder—me, whom their foundation binds them to pray for—me—ungrateful villains as they are!—they suffer to die like the houseless dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhouseled!—Tell the Templar to come hither—he is a priest, and may do something.—I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or to bribe the false priest—But I—I dare not!"

"Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which he dares not!"

Front-de-Bœuf shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there?—what art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night-raven?—Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou be'st indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not that I will blench from thee.—By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me, as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven or hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said the almost unearthly voice, "on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat!—Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone.—False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace."

"In peace thou shalt NOT die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is engrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did.—The Saxon porkers, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate.—Art thou fled?—art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause "an thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one besides—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt,—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed.—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straighted the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature—Go to her, she was my temptress, the foul provoker of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou dost partake it.—Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes, nor shake thy hand at me with that gesture of menace!"

"Vile murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "detestable screech-owl! it is then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons!—it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!"

"Detestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf,

"that moment shalt thou never witness—Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur, and Stephen! seize this witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong—she has betrayed us to the Saxon!—Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant Baron," said the hag with a smile of grisly mockery; "summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon—But know, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands.—Listen to these horrid sounds!—The Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy walls!—Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?"

"Gods and fiends!" exclaimed the wounded knight; "O, for one moment's strength, to drag myself to the *mêlée*, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf; "my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons! And by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and bones!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof reach thee—But, no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage, is unable to avoid,

though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber?—Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it?—By heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with frightful composure.—"Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf!—May Mista, Skogula, and Zernebock, gods of the ancient Saxons, supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes!—And now, parricide, farewell for ever!—May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key, as she locked and double-locked the door behind her. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Maur!—Clement and Giles!—I burn here unaided!—To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy!—It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor squires! Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O, for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!"

## CHAPTER XXVIII

When the barbican was carried, the Sable Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him at the same time to keep such a strict observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force for a sudden sally, and recovering the outwork which they had lost. The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers:—"It avails not waiting here longer, my friends; the sun is descending to the west —and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft endlong over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sallyport in the main wall of the castle. In the name of God, fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge."

The portal, which led from the inner-wall of the barbican to the moat, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat.

The Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders, by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the barbican, leaving the counterpoise still attached to the upper part of the portal.

"Saint George!" cried Locksley, "to the charge, bold yeomen!"

With that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction was loosening a fragment from one of the battlements to precipitate on the heads of Cedric and the Black Knight.

"Do you give ground, base knaves!" said De Bracy; "*Mount joye Saint Dennis*!—Give me the lever!"

And, snatching it up, he again assailed the loosened pinnacle, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the remnant of the drawbridge, which sheltered the two foremost assailants, but also to have sunk the rude float of planks over which they had crossed. The massive pinnacle already tottered, and De Bracy, who still heaved at his task, would have accomplished it, had not the voice of the Templar sounded close in his ear:—

"All is lost, De Bracy, the castle burns."

"Thou art mad to say so!" replied the knight.

"It is all in a light flame on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it. Lead thy men down, as if to a sally; throw the postern-gate open—

There are but two men who occupy the float, fling them into the moat, and push across for the barbican. I will charge from the main gate, and attack the barbican on the outside; and if we can regain that post, be assured we shall defend ourselves until we are relieved, or at least till they grant us fair quarter."

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern-gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown open. But scarce was this done ere the portentous strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward in despite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all their leader's efforts to stop them.

"Dogs!" said De Bracy, "will ye let *two* men win our only pass for safety? The castle burns behind us, villains!—let despair give you courage, or let me forward! I will cope with this champion myself."

The vaulted passage to which the postern gave entrance, and in which these two redoubted champions were now fighting hand to hand, rung with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous axe. At length the Norman received a blow, which descended with such violence on his crest, that he measured his length on the paved floor.

"Yield thee, Maurice de Bracy," said the Black Champion, "rescue or no rescue, or thou art but a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy faintly, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue," answered the Norman.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first, let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight —"The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed—Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "it leads to his apartment."

Ivanhoe had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant had, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the attack. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment—the cries for water, which were heard even above the din of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca; "it burns—What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ivanhoe, "for no human aid can avail me."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca; "we will be saved or perish together—And yet, great God!—my father, my father—what will be his fate!"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and the Templar presented himself,—a ghastly figure, for his gilded armour was broken and bloody, and the plume was partly shorn away, partly burnt

from his casque. "I have found thee," said he to Rebecca; "thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share weal and woe with thee—up and instantly follow me!"

"Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee. —If thy heart be not hard as thy breastplate—save my aged father—save this wounded knight!"

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his characteristic calmness, "a knight, Rebecca, must encounter his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame —and who recks how or where a Jew meets with his?"

"Savage warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

"Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca—once didst thou foil me, but never mortal did so twice."

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, who filled the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room in his arms without regarding her cries, or the menaces which Ivanhoe thundered against him. "Hound of the Temple—stain to thine Order—set free the damsel! Traitor of Bois-Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee!—Villain, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not found thee, Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but for thy shouts."

"If thou be'st true knight," said Wilfred, "think not of me—pursue yon ravisher—save the Lady Rowena—look to the noble Cedric!"

"In their turn," answered he of the Fetterlock, "but thine is first."

And seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much ease as the Templar had carried off Rebecca,

rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

Meantime Athelstane had made his escape into the court of the Castle where sat the fierce Templar, mounted on horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison. Rebecca was in the midst of the little party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, showed every attention to her safety. Athelstane doubted not that it was Rowena whom the knight was carrying off, in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of Saint Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand!"

To snatch a mace from the pavement, to rush on the Templar's band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, was, for Athelstane's great strength, but the work of a single moment; he was soon within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest tone.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch—turn, limb of a band of murdering and hypocritical robbers!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy Order of the Temple of Zion;" and with these words, half wheeling his steed, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane. So trenchant was his weapon that it shore asunder the mace which the Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

*"Ha! Beau-seant!"* exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "thus be it to the maligners of the Temple-knights!" and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves, follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them.

## CHAPTER XXIX

THE outlaws were all assembled around the Trysting-tree, where they had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege, and computing the plunder which their success had placed at their disposal.

The tramp of horses was heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their pikes and clashed their brownbills for joy of her freedom. As she bent her steed towards Locksley's seat, that bold yeoman, with all his followers, rose to receive her.

"God and Our Lady bless you, brave men," she said, "and requite you for gallantly perilling yourselves in the cause of the oppressed!—If any of you should hunger, remember Rowena has food—if you should thirst, she has many a butt of wine and brown ale."

"Thanks, gentle lady," said Locksley; "thanks for my company and myself. But to have saved you requites itself."

Again bowing from her palfrey, Rowena turned to depart; but pausing a moment, she found herself unexpectedly close by the prisoner, De Bracy. He stood

under a tree in deep meditation, his arms crossed upon his breast. He looked up, however, and when aware of her presence, a deep flush of shame suffused his handsome countenace. He stood a moment most irresolute; then, stepping forward, took her palfrey by the rein, and bent his knee before her.

"Will the Lady Rowena deign to cast an eye on a captive knight—on a dishonoured soldier?"

"Sir Knight," answered Rowena, "in enterprises such as yours, the real dishonour lies not in failure, but in success."

"Conquest, lady, should soften the heart," answered De Bracy; "let me but know that the Lady Rowena forgives the violence occasioned by an ill-fated passion, and she shall soon learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in nobler ways."

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian."

Rowena waved a graceful adieu to him of the Fetterlock—Cedric bade God speed him, and on they moved through a wide glade of the forest.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to the Black Champion, "will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatever may best serve to pleasure you, and to remind you of this my Trysting-tree?"

"I accept the offer," said the Knight, "as frankly as it is given; and I ask permission to dispose of Sir Maurice de Bracy at my own pleasure."

"He is thine already," said Locksley, "and he is safe though he had slain my father."

"De Bracy," said the Knight, "thou art free—depart. He whose prisoner thou art scorns to take mean revenge for what is past. But beware of the

ROWENA AND DE BRACY.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

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future, lest a worse thing befall thee.—Maurice de Bracy, I say BEWARE!"

De Bracy bowed low and in silence, caught a horse by the rein, threw himself upon the saddle, and galloped off through the wood. The chief Outlaw then took from his neck the rich horn and baldric which he had recently gained at Ashby.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Fetterlock, "I will pray you to keep this as a memorial of your gallant bearing—and if ye chance to be hard bested in any forest between Trent and Tees, wind three mots upon the horn thus, *Wa-sa-hoa!* and it may well chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and winded once and again the call which he described, until the knight had caught the notes.

"Gramercy for the gift, bold yeoman," said the Knight; "and better help than thine and thy rangers would I never seek." And then in his turn he winded the call till all the greenwood rang.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "beshrew me an thou knowest not as much of woodcraft as of war!—Comrades, mark these three mots—it is the call of the Knight of the Fetterlock; and he who hears it, and hastens not to serve him at his need, I will have him scourged out of our band with his own bowstring."

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of the spoil, which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I would," said the leader, "we could hear tidings

of our joyous chaplain—he was never wont to be absent when meat was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted; and it is his duty to take care of these the tithes of our successful enterprise. Also, I have a holy brother of his a prisoner at no great distance, and I would fain have the Friar to help me to deal with him in due sort."

While he thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen announced the arrival of the priest.

"Make room, my merry-men!" exclaimed the Friar; "room for your godly father and his prisoner." —And making his way through the ring, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge partisan in one hand, and in the other a halter, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Isaac of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest.

"Curtal Priest," said the Captain, "in the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain," replied the Clerk of Copmanhurst; "speak, Jew—have I not ransomed thee from Sathanas?—have I not taught thee thy *credo*, thy *pater*, and thine *Ave Maria*?"

"Let us hear," said Locksley, "where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Friar, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did step into the cellarage to see what might be rescued there; and I had caught up one runlet of sack, when I was advised of a strong door—Aha! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt—In therefore, I went, and found just nought besides a commodity

of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner. I did but refresh myself after the fatigue of the action, with the unbeliever, with one humming cup of sack, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash after crash, down toppled the masonry of an outer tower, and blocked up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another—I gave up thought of life; and deeming it a dishonour to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I heaved up my halberd to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his grey hairs, and judged it better to lay down the partisan and take up my spiritual weapon for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the seed has been sown in good soil; the Jew is converted, and understands all I have told him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as I do myself, for my head is well-nigh dizzied."

"Jew," said the Captain, "is this true? hast thou renounced thine unbelief?"

"May I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I know not one word which the reverend prelate spake to me all this fearful night."

"Thou liest, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the Friar; "thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"So help me the Promise, fair sirs," said Isaac, even more alarmed than before, "as no such sounds ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggar'd man—I fear me a childless—have ruth on me, and let me go!"

"Nay," said the Friar, "if thou dost retract vows made in favour of Holy Church, thou must do penance."

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, has not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Clerk's resentment to himself.

"By Saint Thomas of Kent," said he, "an I buckle to my gear, I will teach thee, sir lazy lover, to mell with thine own matters, maugre thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade."

"Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I am content to take thy cuff as a loan," said the Knight, "but I will repay thee with usury. Friar, strike an thou darest—I will stand thy blow, if thou wilt stand mine."

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron pot on thy head," said the churchman; "but have at thee—Down thou goest."

The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the Knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock.

"Now, Priest," said the Knight, pulling off his gauntlet, "if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my hand—stand fast as a true man."

"I have given my cheek to the smiter," said the Priest: "an thou canst stir me from the spot, fellow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ransom."

The buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good-will that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain, but he arose neither angry nor crestfallen.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness, that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now all unkindness, let us put the Jew to ransom, since the leopard will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue to be."

## CHAPTER XXX

"PEACE all!" said the Captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom, while I examine a prisoner of another cast.—Here cometh the worthy prelate, as pert as a pyet." And, between two yeomen, was brought before the silvan throne of the outlaw Chief, our old friend, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

"Were it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan transcends!—Here, Jew, step forth—Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him?"

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to your honoured valours, and never sit less soft in his stall."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader gravely; "I am contented—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns.—It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the band.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a sum?"

"If so please you," said Isaac, "I can send to York for the six hundred crowns, out of certain monies in my hands, if so be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me a quittance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the Captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew, "I am a broken and impoverished man; a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain.—"How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"*Can* he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior—"Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel, who were led into Assyrian bondage? I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the chief Outlaw.

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood? O Rebecca!—daughter of my beloved Rachel! what would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted sendal, broidered with silver?"

"She did!—she did!" said the old man. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yester-even."

"Ichabod! Ichabod!" answered the Jew, "the glory hath departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the Chief, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, natheless his grief touches me.—We will take thee, Isaac, at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, and thou wilt have six hundred crowns remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver shekels as well as the sparkle of black eyes.—Hasten to make thy crowns chink in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, ere worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our scouts have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order."

Isaac, relieved of one half of his apprehensions by learning that his daughter lived, and might possibly be ransomed, threw himself at the feet of the generous Outlaw, and, rubbing his beard against his buskins, sought to kiss the hem of his green cassock. The Captain drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp, not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man, up with thee! I am English born, and love no such Eastern prostrations—Kneel to God and not to a poor sinner like me."

"Ay, Jew," said Prior Aymer; "kneel to God, as represented in the servant of his altar, and who knows what grace thou mayst acquire for thyself and thy

daughter Rebecca? I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and comely countenance,—I beheld her in the lists of Ashby. Also Brian de Bois-Guilbert is one with whom I may do much—bethink thee how thou mayst deserve my good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every hand the spoilers arise against me—I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands, but the leader of the yeomen led him aside.

"Advise thee well, Isaac," said Locksley, "what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous; at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money bags—What! know I not the great stone beneath the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?" The Jew grew as pale as death—"But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money?—Usurer as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns."

"And thou art he whom we called Diccon-bend-the-bow?" said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these."

"But thou art mistaken, good Bend-the-Bow, concerning that same vaulted apartment. So help me Heaven, as there is nought in it but some merchandises which I will gladly part with to you—one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to make bows, and one hundred silken bow-strings, tough, round, and sound—these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Diccon, as thou wilt keep silence about the vault, my good Diccon."

"Silent as a dormouse," said the Outlaw; "and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. Prior Aymer, come apart with me under this tree. Here is Isaac willing to give thee a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter."

"In safety and honour, as when taken from me," said the Jew, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing-tablets—though, hold—rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four hours, and where shall I find one?"

"If your holy scruples can dispense with using the Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a remedy," said the yeoman; and, bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at a wild goose which was soaring over their heads, the advanced guard of a phalanx of his tribe. The bird came fluttering down, transfixed with the arrow.

"There, Prior," said the Captain, "are quills enow to supply all the monks of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years."

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure indited an epistle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully sealed up the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying, "This will be thy safe conduct to the Preceptory of Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with proffers of advantage and commodity at thine own hand; for, trust me well, the good Knight Bois-Guilbert is of their confraternity that do nought for nought."

## CHAPTER XXXI

Mounted upon a mule, the gift of the Outlaw, with two tall yeomen to act as his guard and guides, Isaac of York set out, for the purpose of negotiating his daughter's redemption, towards the Preceptory of Templestowe, where the stern ascetic rigour of the Temple discipline, which had been so long exchanged for prodigal indulgence, seemed at once to have revived under the severe eye of the Grand Master, Lucas Beaumanoir. Isaac paused at the gate to consider how he might seek entrance in the manner most likely to bespeak favour.

Meantime Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden belonging to the Preceptory, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his Order. The Preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but

just so far behind that Beaumanoir could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom alone can I confide my sorrows. We must retrace our steps and show ourselves the faithful Champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling, not alone our blood and our lives—not alone our desires and our vices—but our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections, and act as men convinced that many a pleasure which may be lawful to others, is forbidden to the vowed soldier of the Temple."

A squire entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission ere he presumed to tell his errand.

"Is it not more seemly," said the Grand Master, "to see this Damian, clothed in the garments of Christian humility, thus appear with reverend silence before his Superior, than but two days since, when the fond fool was decked in a painted coat, and jangling as pert and as proud as any popinjay?—Speak, Damian, we permit thee—What is thine errand?"

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and reverend father," said the Squire, "who prays to speak with brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Thou wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master.—"It imports us especially to know of this Bois-Guilbert's proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.

"Report speaks him brave and valiant," said Conrade.

"And truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand Master. "But brother Brian came into our Order a

moody and disappointed man. Since then, he hath become an active and earnest agitator, a murmurer, and a machinator, and a leader amongst those who impugn our authority.—Damian," he continued, "lead the Jew to our presence."

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in a few minutes returned, marshalling in Isaac of York. When he had approached within the distance of three yards, Beaumanoir made a sign with his staff that he should come no farther. The Jew kneeled down on the earth, which he kissed in token of reverence; then rising, stood before the Templars, his hands folded on his bosom, his head bowed on his breast.

"Damian," said the Grand Master, "retire, and have a guard ready to await our sudden call; and suffer no one to enter the garden until we shall leave it."—The squire bowed and retreated.—"Jew," continued the haughty old man, "mark me. Be brief in thy answers to what questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be of truth; for if thy tongue doubles with me, I will have it torn from thy misbelieving jaws. Peace, unbeliever! not a word in our presence, save in answer to our questions.—What is thy business with our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. Beaumanoir saw his mortal apprehension, and condescended to give him some assurance.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for thy wretched person, Jew, so thou dealest uprightly in this matter. I demand again to know from thee thy business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew.

ISAAC BEFORE THE GRAND MASTER.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

Face page 172.

"so please your reverend valour, to that good knight, from Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvaulx."

"Said I not these were evil times, Conrade?" said the Master. "A Cistertian Prior sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and can find no more fitting messenger than an unbelieving Jew.—Give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, undid the folds of his Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the Prior's tablets for the greater security, and was about to approach, with hand extended and body crouched, to place it within the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "I touch not misbelievers, save with the sword.—Conrade, take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it to me."

Beaumanoir, being thus possessed of the tablets, inspected the outside carefully, and then proceeded to undo the packthread which secured its folds. He then perused the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly; then holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly striking it with the other, exclaimed—"Here is goodly stuff for one Christian man to write to another, and both members, and no inconsiderable members, of religious professions! Read it aloud, Conrade,—and do thou" (to Isaac) "attend to the purport of it, for we will question thee concerning it."

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words:

"Aymer, by divine grace, Prior of the Cistertian house of Jorvaulx, to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, wisheth health. Touching our present condition, dear Brother, we are a captive in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person, and put us to ransom; whereby we have

also learned that thou hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorceress, whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We are heartily rejoiced of thy safety; nevertheless, we pray thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor; for we are privately assured that your great master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your mirth, and amend your misdoings. And the wealthy Jew her father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me letters in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to ransom.

Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of matins,

"Aymer Pr. S. M. Jorvolciencis."

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master—"Den of thieves! and a fit residence is a den of thieves for such a Prior. This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt hear the Jew own it even now." Then turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"Ay, reverend valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac, "and whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance"——

"Peace!" said the Grand Master. "This thy daughter hath practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence; "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may bless the goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her."

"Thy daughter worketh the cures, I doubt not," thus Beaumanoir went on to address the Jew, "by words and sigils, and periapts, and other cabalistical mysteries."

"Nay, reverend and brave Knight," answered Isaac,

"but in chief measure by a balsam of marvellous virtue."

"Where had she that secret?" said Beaumanoir.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac, reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not from that same witch Miriam, the abomination of whose enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crossing himself. "Her body was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and mine Order, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple.—There, Damian, spurn this Jew from the gate—shoot him dead if he oppose or turn again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant."

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and meanwhile the Grand Master ordered to his presence Albert Malvoisin, President, or, in the language of the Order, Preceptor of the establishment of Templestowe.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy Order of the Temple," said the Grand Master, in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your connivance, Sir Preceptor.—Why are you mute?"

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the Preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master. —"How comes it, then, I demand of thee once more.

that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a Jewish sorceress into this holy place, to the stain and pollution thereof?"

"A Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin; "good angels guard us!"

"Ay, brother, a Jewish sorceress!" said the Grand Master, sternly. "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this Rebecca, the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of York, and the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—shame to be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy Preceptory?"

"Your wisdom, reverend father," answered the Preceptor, "hath rolled away the darkness from my understanding. Much did I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois-Guilbert seemed so fondly besotted on the charms of this female, whom I received into this house merely to place a bar betwixt their growing intimacy. If I have sinned in receiving her here, it was in the erring thought that I might thus break off our brother's besotted devotion to this Jewess, which seemed to me so wild and unnatural, that I could not but ascribe it to some touch of insanity, more to be cured by pity than reproof. But since your reverend wisdom hath discovered this Jewish quean to be a sorceress, perchance it may account fully for his enamoured folly."

"It doth!—it doth!" said Beaumanoir. "It may be that our brother Bois-Guilbert does in this matter deserve rather pity than severe chastisement. But concerning this foul witch, who hath flung her enchantments over a brother of the Holy Temple, assuredly she shall die the death."

"But the laws of England,"—said the Preceptor.

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumanoir, "permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. And shall that power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple within a preceptory of his Order?—No!—we will judge and condemn. Prepare the Castle-hall for the trial of the sorceress."

## CHAPTER XXXII

THE ponderous castle-bell had tolled the point of noon, when Rebecca heard a trampling of feet upon the private stair which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circumstance rather gave her joy; for she was more afraid of the solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bois-Guilbert than of any evil that could befall her besides. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Conrade and the Preceptor Malvoisin entered, attended by four warders clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the Preceptor, "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Damsel," answered Conrade, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Grand Master of our holy Order, there to answer for thine offences."

"May the God of Abraham be praised!" said Rebecca, folding her hands devoutly; "the name of a judge, though an enemy to my people, is to me as

the name of a protector. Most willingly do I follow thee—permit me only to wrap my veil around my head."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn step, traversed a long gallery, and, by a pair of folding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Grand Master had for the time established his court of justice. As Rebecca passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head depressed, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold without examining its contents.

The tribunal, erected for her trial, occupied the dais or elevated part of the upper end of the great hall. On an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the mystic staff, which bore the symbol of the Order. The Preceptors, of whom there were four present, occupied seats lower in height, and somewhat drawn back behind that of their superior; and the knights, who enjoyed no such rank in the Order, were placed on benches still lower, and preserving the same distance from the Preceptors as these from the Grand Master. Behind them, but still upon the dais or elevated portion of the hall, stood the esquires of the Order, in white dresses of an inferior quality.

The remaining and lower part of the hall was filled with guards, holding partisans, and with other attendants whom curiosity had drawn thither, to see at once a Grand Master and a Jewish sorceress. A psalm commenced the proceedings of the day; and the solemn sounds, *Venite exultemus Domino*, were

judged by Lucas most appropriate to introduce the approaching triumph, for such he deemed it, over the powers of darkness.

When the sounds ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly around the circle, and observed that the seat of one of the Preceptors was vacant. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place, and was now standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the Knights Companions of the Temple, one hand extending his long mantle, so as in some degree to hide his face; while the other held his cross-handled sword, with the point of which he was slowly drawing lines upon the oaken floor.

"Unhappy man!" said the Grand Master, after favouring him with a glance of compassion. "Thou seest, Conrade, how this holy work distresses him. Seest thou he cannot look upon us; he cannot look upon her; and who knows by what impulse from his tormentor his hand forms these cabalistic lines upon the floor?"

The Grand Master then raised his voice, and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, Knights, Preceptors, and Companions of this Holy Order, my brethren and my children!—you also, well-born and pious Esquires, who aspire to wear this holy Cross!—and you also, Christian brethren, of every degree! We have summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for sortileges and for witcheries; whereby she hath maddened the blood, and besotted the brain, not of a churl, but of a Knight—not of a secular Knight,

but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple —not of a Knight Companion, but of a Preceptor of our Order, first in honour as in place. Our brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is well known as a true and zealous champion of the Cross, by whose arm many deeds of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land. If we were told that such a man, so honoured, and so honourable, suddenly casting away regard for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in this low company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly blinded and besotted by his folly, as to bring her even to one of our own Preceptories, what should we say but that the noble Knight was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by some wicked spell?—If we could suppose it otherwise, Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be cut off and cast out from our congregation, were he the right hand and right eye thereof."

He paused. A low murmur went through the assembly, and all anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to propose.

"Such," he said, "and so great should indeed be the punishment of a Knight Templar, who wilfully offended against the rules of his Order. But if, by means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the Knight, perchance because he cast his eyes too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then rather to lament than chastise his backsliding; and, imposing on him only such penance as may purify him from his iniquity, we are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the accursed instru-

ment, which had so wellnigh occasioned his utter falling away.—Stand forth, therefore, and bear witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, that we may judge of the sum and bearing thereof."

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the risk to which Bois-Guilbert exposed himself in endeavouring to save Rebecca from the blazing castle, and his neglect of his personal defence in attending to her safety. The dangers which Bois-Guilbert surmounted, in themselves sufficiently great, became portentous in their narrative. The devotion of the Knight to Rebecca's defence was exaggerated beyond the bounds, not only of discretion, but even of the most frantic excess of chivalrous zeal.

The Preceptor of Templestowe was then called on to describe the manner in which Bois-Guilbert and the Jewess arrived at the Preceptory. The evidence of Malvoisin was skilfully guarded. But while he apparently studied to spare the feelings of Bois-Guilbert, he threw in, from time to time, such hints, as seemed to infer that he laboured under some temporary alienation of mind, so deeply did he appear to be enamoured of the damsel whom he brought along with him. With sighs of penitence, the Preceptor avowed his own contrition for having admitted Rebecca and her lover within the walls of the Preceptory—"But my defence," he concluded, "has been made in my confession to our most reverend father the Grand Master; he knows my motives were not evil, though my conduct may have been irregular."

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Albert," said Beaumanoir; "thy motives were good, but thy conduct was wrong. Were it not well, brethren, that we

examine something into the former life and conversation of this woman, specially that we may discover whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells?"

Herman of Goodalricke was one of the Preceptors present. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who instantly granted him license of speech. "I would crave to know, most Reverend Father, of our valiant brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, what he says to these wondrous accusations."

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "thou hearest the question which our Brother of Goodalricke desireth thou shouldst answer. I command thee to reply to him."

Bois-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Avoid thee, Sathanas!—Speak, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I conjure thee, by this symbol of our Holy Order."

Bois-Guilbert made an effort to suppress his rising scorn and indignation. "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he answered, "replies not, most Reverend Father, to such wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which has often fought for Christendom."

"We forgive thee, Brother Brian," said the Grand Master; "though that thou hast boasted thy warlike achievements before us, is a glorifying of thine own deeds, and cometh of the Enemy, who tempteth us to exalt our own worship. And now let those who have aught to witness of the life and conversation of this Jewish woman, stand forth before us."

There was a bustle in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied, there was in the crowd a bedridden man, whom the prisoner had restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous balsam.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

The poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged forward to the bar. Perfectly cured he certainly was not, for he supported himself forward on crutches to give evidence. Most unwilling was his testimony, and given with many tears; but he admitted that two years since, when residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with a sore disease, while labouring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his vocation of a joiner; that he had been unable to stir from his bed until the remedies applied by Rebecca's directions, and especially a warming and spicy-smelling balsam, had in some degree restored him to the use of his limbs. "And may it please your gracious Reverence," said the man, "I cannot think the damsel meant harm by me, though she hath the ill hap to be a Jewess; for even when I used her remedy, I said the Pater and the Creed, and it never operated a whit less kindly."

"Peace, slave," said the Grand Master, "and begone! It well suits brutes like thee to be tampering and trinketing with hellish cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons of mischief. Hast thou that unguent of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling

hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a sure proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Beaumanoir, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and, learned in most of the Eastern tongues, read with ease the motto on the lid, —*The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered.* "Strange powers of Sathanas," said he, "which can convert Scripture into blasphemy, mingling poison with our necessary food!—Is there no leech here who can tell us the ingredients of this mystic unguent?"

Two mediciners, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and avouched they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they savoured of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be Oriental herbs. When this medical research was ended, the Saxon peasant desired humbly to have back the medicine, but the Grand Master frowned severely at the request. "What is thy name, fellow?" said he to the cripple.

"Higg, the son of Snell," answered the peasant.

"Then Higg, son of Snell," said the Grand Master, "I tell thee it is better to be bedridden, than to accept the benefit of unbelievers' medicine that thou mayest arise and walk."

Higg, the son of Snell, withdrew into the crowd, but, interested in the fate of his benefactress, lingered until he should learn her doom.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to unveil herself. Opening her lips for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity, "That it was not the wont of the daughters of her people to uncover their faces when alone in an

assembly of strangers." The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumanoir repeated his commands that his victim should be unveiled. The guards were about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master and said, "Nay, but for the love of your own daughters—Alas," she said, recollecting herself, "ye have no daughters!—yet for the remembrance of your mothers, let me not be thus handled in your presence; it suits not a maiden to be disrobed by such rude grooms. I will obey you," she added, with an expression of patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost melted the heart of the Beaumanoir himself; "ye are elders among your people, and at your command I will show the features of an ill-fated maiden."

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which bashfulness contended with dignity. Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of surprise. But Higg, the son of Snell, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his benefactress. "Let me go forth," he said to the warders at the door of the hall,—"let me go forth!—To look at her again will kill me, for I have had a share in murdering her."

"Peace, poor man," said Rebecca, when she heard his exclamation; "thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth—thou canst not aid me by thy complaints or lamentations. Peace, I pray thee—go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the compassion of the warders, but he promised to be silent, and was permitted to remain. Two men-at-arms were now

called forward; one of them had seen Rebecca work a cure upon a wounded man, brought with them to the castle of Torquilstone. She did, he said, make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, when the iron head of a square cross-bow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was stanched, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the witness in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones. This legend was probably founded upon the fact, that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Ivanhoe when in the castle of Torquilstone. The witness drew from his pouch the very bolt-head, which, according to his story, had been miraculously extracted from the wound; and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it completely confirmed the tale, however marvellous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighbouring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert, when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, this fellow stated, that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a milk-white swan, under which appearance she flitted three times round the castle of Torquilstone; then again settle on the turret, and once more assume the female form.

The Grand Master had collected the suffrages, and now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation, which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "would, I

am aware, be as useless as I should hold it mean. To state that to relieve the sick and wounded of another religion, cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also unavailing; to plead that many things which these men (whom may Heaven pardon!) have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me but little, since you believe in their possibility. Nor will I vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the fictions and surmises which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim.—God be judge between him and me! but rather would I submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may denounce against me, than listen to the suit which that man of Belial has urged upon me—friendless, defenceless, and his prisoner. But he is of your own faith, and his lightest affirmance would weigh down the most solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to himself the charge brought against me—but to himself—Yes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false? as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly?"

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

"Speak," she said, "if thou art a man—if thou art a Christian, speak!—I conjure thee, by the habit which thou dost wear, by the name thou dost inherit —by the knighthood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?"

"Answer her, brother," said the Grand Master, "if the Enemy with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power."

In fact, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost convulsed his features, and it was with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca,—"The scroll!—the scroll!"

"Ay," said Beaumanoir, "this is indeed testimony! The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his silence."

But Rebecca put another interpretation on the words extorted as it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eye upon the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, *Demand a Champion*! The murmuring commentary which ran through the assembly at the strange reply of Bois-Guilbert, gave Rebecca leisure to examine and instantly to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

"Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the evidence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we well perceive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou aught else to say?"

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, "even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while He affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion."

"And who, Rebecca," replied the Grand Master, "will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?"

REBECCA AND THE GRAND MASTER.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze,

Face page 189.

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca—"It cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage."

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

"Damsel," he said, "if the pity I feel for thee arise from any practice thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of perdition. Repent, my daughter—confess thy witchcrafts—turn thee from thine evil faith—embrace this holy emblem, and all shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In some sisterhood of the strictest order, shalt thou have time for prayer and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be repented of. This do and live—what has the law of Moses done for thee that thou shouldst die for it?"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca; "it was delivered in thunders and in storms upon the mountains of Sinai, in cloud and in fire."

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth and tell this obstinate infidel"——

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca, meekly; "I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will.—Let me pray your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is indeed a slight and frail gage for a purpose so deadly!

—Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the Perceptors around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

"Brethren," said Beaumanoir, "you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of the trial by combat—but though a Jewess and an unbeliever, she is also a stranger and defenceless and God forbid that she should ask the benefit of our mild laws, and that it should be refused to her. Thus, therefore, stands the case. Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, is, by many frequent and suspicious circumstances, defamed of sorcery practised on the person of a noble knight of our holy Order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, reverend brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the gage of battle, naming him, at the same time, to be our champion on the field?"

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the Preceptor of Goodalricke, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"Thou sayest right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Albert Malvoisin, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert.—It is our charge to thee, brother," he continued, addressing himself to Bois-Guilbert, "that thou do thy battle manfully, nothing doubting that the good cause shall triumph.—And do thou, Rebecca, attend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger, who is also of another faith, to find one who will do battle, wagering life and honour for her cause, against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master; "the field must be foughten in our own presence, and divers weighty causes call us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my trust in Him, to whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole age."

"Thou hast spoken well, damsel," said the Grand Master; "but well know we who can array himself like an angel of light. It remains but to name a fitting place of combat, and, if it so hap, also of execution.—Where is the Preceptor of this house?"

Albert Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very earnestly, but in a low voice.

"How!" said the Grand Master, "will he not receive the gage?"

"He will—he doth, most Reverend Father," said Malvoisin, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "And for the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be the lists of Saint George belonging to this Preceptory and used by us for military exercise."

"It is well," said the Grand Master.—"Rebecca, in those lists shalt thou produce thy champion; and if thou failest to do so, or if thy champion shall be discomfited by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains, who acted as clerks to the chapter, immediately engrossed the order in a huge volume; and when he had finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master, which was expressed as follows:

"Rebecca, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, being attainted of sorcery and other damnable practices, practised on a Knight of the most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny the same; and saith, that the testimony delivered against her this day is false, wicked, and disloyal; and she doth offer, by a champion, to avouch her case, he performing his loyal *devoir* in all knightly sort, with such arms as to gage of battle do fully appertain, and that at her peril and cost. And therewith she proffered her gage. Wherefore the most reverend Father and puissant Lord, Lucas Marquis of Beaumanoir, did allow of the said challenge, and assigned the third day for the said combat, the place being the enclosure called the lists of Saint George, near the Preceptory of Templestowe. And may God aid the just cause!"

"Amen!" said the Grand Master; and the word was echoed by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to heaven, and, folding her hands,

remained for a minute without change of attitude. She then modestly reminded the Grand Master that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her behalf.

"It is just and lawful," said the Grand Master; "choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber."

"Is there," said Rebecca, "any one here, who, either for love of a good cause, or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent, while Rebecca stood for a few moments in indescribable anxiety, and then exclaimed, "Is it really thus?—And, in English land, am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal?"

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I will do thine errand as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. To execute his message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll. —I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell!—Life and death are in thy haste."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew.

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbour Buthan's good capul, and I will be at York within as brief space as man and beast may."

But as it fortuned, he had no occasion to go so far, for within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Preceptory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York. The other was the physician, Rabbi Ben Samuel.

"What poor wretch comes hither upon his crutches," said Ben Samuel, "desiring, as I think, some speech of me?"

Isaac had but glanced at the scroll which Higg offered, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule like a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible. The Rabbi dismounted in great alarm, and hastily applied the remedies which his art suggested for the recovery of his companion, when the object of his anxious solicitude suddenly revived.

"Child of my sorrow," he said, "well shouldst thou be called Benoni, instead of Rebecca! Why should thy death bring down my grey hairs to the grave, till, in the bitterness of my heart, I curse God and die!"

"Brother," said the Rabbi, in great surprise, "art thou a father in Israel and dost thou utter words like unto these?—I trust that the child of thy house yet liveth?"

"She liveth," answered Isaac; "but it is as Daniel, who was called Beltheshazzar, even when within the den of the lions. She is captive unto those men of Belial, and they will wreak their cruelty upon her.

sparing neither for her youth nor her comely favour. O! she was as a crown of green palms to my grey locks; and she must wither in a night, like the gourd of Jonah!—Child of my love!—child of my old age! oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet read the scroll," said the Rabbi; "peradventure it may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou read, brother," answered Isaac, "for mine eyes are as a fountain of water."

The physician read, but in their native language, the following words:—

"To Isaac, the son of Adonikam, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not—even for the crime of witchcraft. My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with a sword and spear, according to the custom of the Nazarenes, and that within the lists of Templestowe, on the third day from this time, peradventure our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath none to help her. Wherefore look now what thou doest, and whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might indeed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father; for he hath favour among the strong men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And say unto him, even unto him, even unto Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if Rebecca die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal."

"Take courage," said the Rabbi, "for grief availeth nothing. Gird up thy lions and seek out this Wilfred,

the son of Cedric. It may be he will help thee with counsel or with strength; for the youth hath favour in the eyes of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and the tidings that he hath returned are constant in the land. It may be that he may obtain his letter, and his signet, commanding these men of blood that they proceed not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a good youth, and hath compassion for the exile of Jacob."

## CHAPTER XXXV

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber.

"Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend; and, if a foe, I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."

"I am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the apartment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of this interview shall make me. You have no reason to fear me, or if I must so qualify my speech, you have at least *now* no reason to fear me."

"I fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, although her short-drawn breath seemed to belie the heroism of her accents; "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"You have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, gravely; "my former frantic attempts you have not now to dread. Within your call are guards, over

whom I have no authority. They are designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet would not suffer you to be insulted by any one, even by me, were my frenzy—for frenzy it is—to urge me so far."

"May Heaven be praised!" said the Jewess, "death is the least of my apprehensions in this den of evil."

"Silence, maiden," answered the Templar; "such discourse now avails but little. Thou art condemned to die not a sudden and easy death, such as misery chooses, and despair welcomes, but a slow, wretched, protracted course of torture, suited to what the diabolical bigotry of these men calls thy crime."

"And to whom—if such my fate—to whom do I owe this?" said Rebecca; "surely only to him, who, for a most selfish and brutal cause, dragged me hither, and who now, for some unknown purpose of his own, strives to exaggerate the wretched fate to which he exposed me."

"Think not," said the Templar, "that I have so exposed thee; I would have bucklered thee against such danger with my own bosom, as freely as ever I exposed it to the shafts which had otherwise reached thy life."

"What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?" said the Jewess; "speak it briefly.—If thou hast aught to do, save to witness the misery thou hast caused, let me know it; and then, if so it please you, leave me to myself—the step between time and eternity is short but terrible and I have few moments to prepare for it."

"I perceive, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, "that thou dost continue to burden me with the charge of

distresses, which most fain would I have prevented.—Could I guess the unexpected arrival of yon dotard, whom some flashes of frantic valour, and the praises yielded by fools, have raised for the present above the hundreds of our Order, who think and feel as men free from silly and fantastic prejudices?"

"Yet," said Rebecca, "you sate a judge upon me, innocent—most innocent—as you knew me to be—you concurred in my condemnation, and, if I aright understood, are yourself to appear in arms to assert my guilt, and assure my punishment."

"Thy patience, maiden," replied the Templar.—"No race knows so well as thine own tribes how to submit to the time, and so to trim their bark as to make advantage even of an adverse wind."

"Lamented be the hour," said Rebecca, "that has taught such art to the House of Israel! It is our curse, Sir Knight, deserved, doubtless, by our own misdeeds and those of our fathers; but you—you who boast your freedom as your birthright, how much deeper is your disgrace when you stoop to soothe the prejudices of others, and that against your own conviction?"

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, pacing the apartment with impatience, "but I came not hither to bandy reproaches with you.—Know that Bois-Guilbert yields not to created man, although circumstances may for a time induce him to alter his plan. That scroll which warned thee to demand a champion, from whom couldst thou think it came, if not from Bois-Guilbert?"

"A brief respite from instant death," said Rebecca, "which will little avail me—was this all thou couldst

do for one whom thou hast brought near even to the verge of the tomb?"

"No, maiden," said Bois-Guilbert, "this was *not* all that I purposed. Had it not been for the accursed interference of yon fanatical dotard, and the fool of Goodalricke, the office of the Champion Defender had devolved, not on a Preceptor, but on a Companion of the Order. Then I myself—such was my purpose—had, on the sounding of the trumpet, appeared in the lists as thy champion, disguised indeed in the fashion of a roving knight, who seeks adventures to prove his shield and spear; and then, let Beaumanoir have chosen not one, but two or three of the brethren here assembled, I had not doubted to cast them out of the saddle with my single lance. Thus, Rebecca, should thine innocence have been avouched, and to thine own gratitude would I have trusted for the reward of my victory."

"This, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "is but idle boasting—a brag of what you would have done had you not found it convenient to do otherwise. You received my glove, and my champion, if a creature so desolate can find one, must encounter your lance in the lists—yet you would assume the air of my friend and protector!"

"Thy friend and protector," said the Templar, gravely, "I will yet be—but mark at what risk, or rather at what certainty, of dishonour; and then, blame me not if I make my stipulations, before I offer up all that I have hitherto held dear, to save the life of a Jewish maiden."

"Speak," said Rebecca; "I understand thee not."

"Well, then," said Bois-Guilbert, "I will speak as

freely as ever did doting penitent to his ghostly father, when placed in the tricky confessional.—Rebecca, if I appear not in these lists I lose fame and rank—lose that which is the breath of my nostrils, the esteem, I mean, in which I am held by my brethren, and the hopes I have of succeeding to that authority, which is now wielded by the bigoted dotard Lucas de Beaumanoir."

"Thou hast made thy choice between causing to be shed the blood of an innocent woman, or of endangering thine own earthly state and earthly hopes—What avails it to reckon together?—thy choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer towards her; "my choice is NOT made—nay, mark, it is thine to make the election. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms; and if I do so, championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the stake and faggot, for there lives not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal issue, save Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his minion of Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his corslet, and Richard is in a foreign prison."

"And what avails repeating this so often?" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must learn to look at thy fate on every side."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I appear not, I lose fame, I lose honour, I lose the prospect of such greatness as scarce emperors attain to—

I sacrifice mighty ambition,—and yet, Rebecca," he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness will I sacrifice, this fame will I renounce, this power will I forego, even now when it is half within my grasp, if thou wilt say, Bois-Guilbert, I receive thee for my lover."

"Think not of such foolishness, Sir Knight," answered Rebecca, "but hasten to the Regent, the Queen Mother, and to Prince John—they cannot in honour to the English crown, allow of the proceedings of your Grand Master. So shall you give me protection without sacrifice on your part, or the pretext of requiring any requital from me."

"With these I deal not," he continued, holding the train of her robe—"it is thee only I address; and what can counterbalance thy choice? Bethink thee, were I a fiend, yet death is a worse, and it is death who is my rival."

"I weigh not these evils," said Rebecca. "Be a man, be a Christian! If indeed thy faith recommends that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend, save me from this dreadful death, without seeking a requital which would change thy magnanimity into base barter."

"No, damsel!" said the proud Templar, springing up, "thou shalt not thus impose on me—if I renounce present fame and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and we will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca," he said, again softening his tone; "England,—Europe,—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine, where Conrade, Marquis of Montserrat, is my friend—a friend

free as myself from the doting scruples which fetter our free-born reason—rather with Saladin will we league ourselves, than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we contemn.—Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valour will gain for you, and I will exchange my long desired batoon for a sceptre!"

"A dream," said Rebecca; "an empty vision of the night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not. Enough, that the power which thou mightest acquire, I will never share. Put not a price on my deliverance, Sir Knight—sell not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not for a selfish advantage—Go to the throne of England; Richard will listen to my appeal from these cruel men."

"Never, Rebecca!" said the Templar fiercely. "If I renounce my Order, for thee alone will I renounce it—Ambition shall remain mine, if thou refuse my love; I will not be fooled on all hands.—Stoop my crest to Richard?—ask a boon of that heart of pride?—Never, Rebecca, will I place the Order of the Temple at his feet in my person. I may forsake the Order; I never will degrade or betray it."

"Now, God be gracious to me," said Rebecca, "for the succour of man is wellnigh hopeless!"

"It is indeed," said the Templar; "for proud as thou art, thou hast in me found thy match. If I enter the lists with my spear in rest, think not any human consideration shall prevent my putting forth my strength; and then think upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the worst of criminals—to be consumed upon a blazing pile—not a relic left

of that graceful frame, from which we could say this lived and moved!—Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain this prospect—thou wilt yield to my suit."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered the Jewess, "thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of danger, and impatient of pain—yet, when we enter those fatal lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong assurance within me, that my courage shall mount higher than thine. Farewell—I waste no more words on thee; the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must be otherwise spent—she must seek the Comforter, who ever opens his ear to the cry of those who seek him in sincerity and in truth."

"We part then thus?" said the Templar, after a short pause: "would to Heaven that we had never met, or that thou hadst been noble in birth and Christian in faith!—Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we are next to meet, I could even wish myself one of thine own degraded nation; my hand conversant with ingots and shekels, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down before each petty noble, and my look only terrible to the shivering and bankrupt debtor."

"Thou hast spoken the Jew," said Rebecca, "as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those, by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels

among the nations, were then a people of misers and of usurers!—Farewell!—I envy not thy blood-won honours—I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice."

"There is a spell on me, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guilbert. "I almost think yon besotted skeleton spoke truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee hath something in it more than is natural. —Fair creature!" he said approaching near her, but with great respect,—"so young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with infamy and agony. Who would not weep for thee?—The tear that has been a stranger to these eyelids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatality, that hurries us along, like goodly vessels driving before the storm, which are dashed against each other, and so perish. Forgive me, then, and let us part at least as friends part. I have assailed thy resolution in vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamantine decrees of fate."

"Thus," said Rebecca, "do men throw on fate the issue of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee, Bois-Guilbert, though the author of my early death. There are noble things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom."

"Yes," said the Templar, "I am, Rebecca, as thou hast spoken me, untaught, untamed—and proud, that,

amidst a shoal of empty fools and crafty bigots, I have retained the pre-eminent fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle from my youth upward, high in my views, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such must I remain—proud, inflexible, and unchanging; and of this the world shall have proof.—But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?"

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner."

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

When the Black Knight left the Trysting-tree of the generous Outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighbouring religious house, called the Priory of Saint Botolph, to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed when the castle was taken, under the guidance of the faithful Gurth and the magnanimous Wamba. On the succeeding morning the Black Knight was about to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the jester Wamba, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Ivanhoe, "at Coningsburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father Cedric holds the funeral feast for his noble relation. I would see your Saxon kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. Thou also wilt meet me; and it shall be my task to reconcile thee to thy father."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is your pleasure so to be distinguished," said Ivanhoe, "I fear

me you have chosen a talkative and a troublesome fool to be your guide. But he knows every path and alley in the woods as well as e'er a hunter who frequents them; and the poor knave, as thou hast partly seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the Knight, "an he have the gift of showing my road, I shall not grumble with him that he desires to make it pleasant.—Fare thee well, kind Wilfred—I charge thee not to attempt to travel till to-morrow at earliest."

So saying, he extended his hand to Ivanhoe, who pressed it to his lips, took leave of the Prior, mounted his horse, and departed, with Wamba for his companion.

As they were pacing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest, "Canst thou construe me this, Sir Knight," said Wamba—"When is the wine-pitcher and thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why, never, I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for so simple an answer! Thou hadst best empty thy pitcher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy money at home ere thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterlock.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wamba; "only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it might save them some trouble."

"We are bound to pray for them, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost afford them."

"And yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the knight's side, "there be companions who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow?" said the Knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Malvoisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you, that, in time of civil war, a half score of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone. So that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our feats of arms.—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "against a score of such *rascaille* as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and indulged his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-la," said he, whistling the notes; "nay, I know my gamut as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight; "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Nay but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this exceedeth thy license—Beware ye tamper not with my patience."

"Urge me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Jester, keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, "or Folly will show a clean pair of heels, and leave Valour to find out his way through the wood as best he may."

"Nay, thou hast hit me there," said the Knight; "and, sooth to say, I have little time to jangle with thee. Keep the horn an thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"You will not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

"I tell thee no, thou knave!"

"And now that Folly wears the horn, let Valour rouse himself, and shake his mane; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are on the look-out for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morrion from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is a choice chapel for the Clerks of Saint Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I think thou be'st in the right on't."

And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the suspected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor.

"Thanks, trusty armourer," said the Knight.—"Wamba, let us close with them,"—and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the aperture of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my masters!"—The men made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation; "have we traitors here?"

A knight in blue armour, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, spurred forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment, Wamba winded the bugle, for the whole had passed so speedily, that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers bear back, and Wamba, though so

imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a Jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester hovered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued very precarious, when a grey-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies. —Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armourer as well as your equerry—I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "say me the truth—confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

The Black Knight's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow, and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar," he said.

"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "knows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked; the lion preys not on prostrate carcasses.—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony.—Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would

send a shaft after the skulking villain that should spare him the labour of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard. "Your misdemeanours, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, brave Locksley"——

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name, which I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

## CHAPTER XXXVII

The mode of entering the great tower of Conings-burgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early times in which it was erected. A flight of steps so deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower. By this entrance, the good King Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, was ushered into the round apartment which occupies

the whole of the third story from the ground. Wilfred, by the difficulties of the ascent, gained time to muffle his face in his mantle, as it had been held expedient that he should not present himself to his father until the King should give him the signal.

There were assembled in this apartment, around a large oaken table, about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties. Cedric, seated among his countrymen, seemed to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation *Waes hael,* raising at the same time a goblet to his head. The King returned the greeting with the appropriate words, *Drinc hael,* and partook of a cup which was handed to him by the sewer. The same courtesy was offered to Ivanhoe, who pledged his father in silence.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Cedric arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was excavated, as it were, out of one of the external buttresses. Two flambeaux or torches showed by a red and smoky light, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material. Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of the bier kneeled three priests, who told their beads, and muttered their prayers. For this service a splendid *soul-scat* was paid to the convent of Saint Edmund's by the mother of the deceased. Richard and Wilfred followed Cedric into the apartment of death, where, as their guide pointed with solemn air to the untimely bier of Athelstane, they followed his example in devoutly

crossing themselves, and muttering a brief prayer for the weal of the departed soul.

This act of pious charity performed, Cedric again motioned them to follow him, gliding over the stone floor with a noiseless tread; and, after ascending a few steps, opened with great caution the door of a small oratory, which adjoined the chapel. The loophole which enlightened it showed a female of a dignified mien, and whose countenance retained the marked remains of majestic beauty. Her long mourning robes, and her flowing wimple of black cypress, enhanced the whiteness of her skin. Her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow that is consistent with resignation.

"Noble Edith," said Cedric, after having stood a moment silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time to look upon the lady of the mansion, "these are worthy strangers come to take a part in thy sorrows. And this, in especial, is the valiant Knight who fought so bravely for the deliverance of him for whom we this day mourn."

"His bravery has my thanks," returned the lady; "I thank, too, his courtesy, and that of his companion, which hath brought them hither to behold the mother of Athelstane, in her deep hour of sorrow. To your care, kind kinsman, I entrust them, satisfied that they will want no hospitality which these sad walls can yet afford."

The guests bowed deeply to the mourning parent, and withdrew with their hospitable guide.

Another winding stair conducted them to an apartment of the same size with that which they had first entered, occupying indeed the story immediately above. When they entered, they found themselves in the

presence of about twenty matrons and maidens of distinguished Saxon lineage, among them the Lady Rowena. They were engaged in bedecking with embroidery a large silken pall, destined to cover the bier of Athelstane, and in selecting from baskets of flowers placed before them, garlands, which they intended for the same mournful purpose.

To Cedric the sorrow of his ward seemed so much deeper than any of the other maidens, that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation—"She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane."

He then conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honourable guests, and was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I crave to remind you, noble Thane," he said, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble Knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment"——

"Of that also," said the King, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief—neither does it seem to me unfit, that, when closing the grave on the noble Athelstane, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock," said Cedric, colouring, and interrupting the King in his turn, "I trust your boon regards yourself and no other; for in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is scarce fitting that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the King, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an

interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock—Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!" exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England!—whose deepest interest—whose deepest wish is to see her sons united with each other. And now to my boon," said the King. "I require of thee, as a man of thy word, on pain of being held faithless, man-sworn, and niddering, to forgive and receive to thy parental affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. In this reconciliation thou wilt own I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And this is Wilfred!" said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou has it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman.—Thou art about to speak," he added, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband—all our Saxon ancestors would disown us were we to treat earlier of a new union for her. The ghost of Athelstane himself would burst his bloody cerements, and stand before us to forbid such dishonour to his memory."

It seemed as if Cedric's words had raised a spectre; for, scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave,

stood before them pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead!

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose.—Living or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time— Alive, saidst thou?—I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days which seem three ages."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of the storm at Torquilstone, and as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was cloven through the teeth."

"You thought amiss, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and Wamba lied.—No thanks to the Templar, though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me flatlings, being averted by the handle of the good mace with which I warded the blow. I was stunned indeed, but unwounded. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—(an open one, by good luck)—placed before the altar of the church of Saint Edmund's. I sneezed repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the Sacristan and Abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise, surprised, doubtless, and no way pleased to find the man alive, whose heirs they had proposed themselves to be. I asked for wine

—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not for many hours. I found my arms swathed down—my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ache at the very remembrance—the place was utterly dark. I should have been there still, had not some stir in the Convent, which I find was their procession hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they well knew how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarm out of their hive. They went, however, and I waited long for food—no wonder—the gouty Sacristan was even too busy with his own provender to mind mine. At length down he came, and left me a nook of pasty and a flask of wine. I ate, drank, and was invigorated; when, to add to my good luck, the Sacristan, too totty to discharge his duty of turnkey fitly, locked the door beside the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine, set my invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed, was more rusted than I had supposed. Finding myself freed from it, I dragged myself upstairs as well as a man loaded with shackles, and emaciated with fasting might; and hither I came with all speed—man and mother's son flying before me wherever I came, taking me for a spectre, the more especially as, to prevent my being recognised, I drew the corpse-hood over my face. I did but disclose myself to my mother, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend."

"And you have found me," said Cedric, "ready to resume our brave projects of honour and liberty. I tell thee, never will dawn a morrow so auspicious as the next, for the deliverance of the noble Saxon race."

"Talk not to me of delivering anyone," said Athelstane; "it is well I am delivered myself."

"For shame, noble Athelstane," said Cedric. "Tell this Norman Prince, Richard of Anjou, that, lion-hearted as he is, he shall not hold undisputed the throne of Alfred, while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it."

"How!" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of free-will, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner—thou well knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as a subject besides, for I here tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."

"Think on the freedom of England, degenerate Prince!" said Cedric.

"A truce to your upbraidings," said Athelstane; "bread and water and a dungeon are marvellous mortifiers of ambition, and I rise from the tomb a wiser man than I descended into it."

"And my ward, Rowena," said Cedric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The Lady Rowena cares not for me—she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person.—Here, cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in thy favour I renounce and abjure—— Hey! by Saint Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished!—Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the fasting I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked around and enquired for Ivanhoe, but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gurth and his armour, and had left the castle.

King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the court-yard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate, which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

Our scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle, or Preceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake, or rural feast. A throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end of the tilt-yard, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle, in order

to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-à-pie* in bright armour, but without his lance, shield, or sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him.

After these came a guard of warders on foot, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. A coarse white dress of the simplest form had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the

champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order."

The Grand Master commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud,—"Oyez, oyez, oyez.—Here standeth the good Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca."

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

The herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms:—"Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!" The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither.—This listed space—that chair—these faggots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these faggots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Hear me, Rebecca," said the Templar; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider—in one short hour is pursuit and enquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone!—Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place—surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

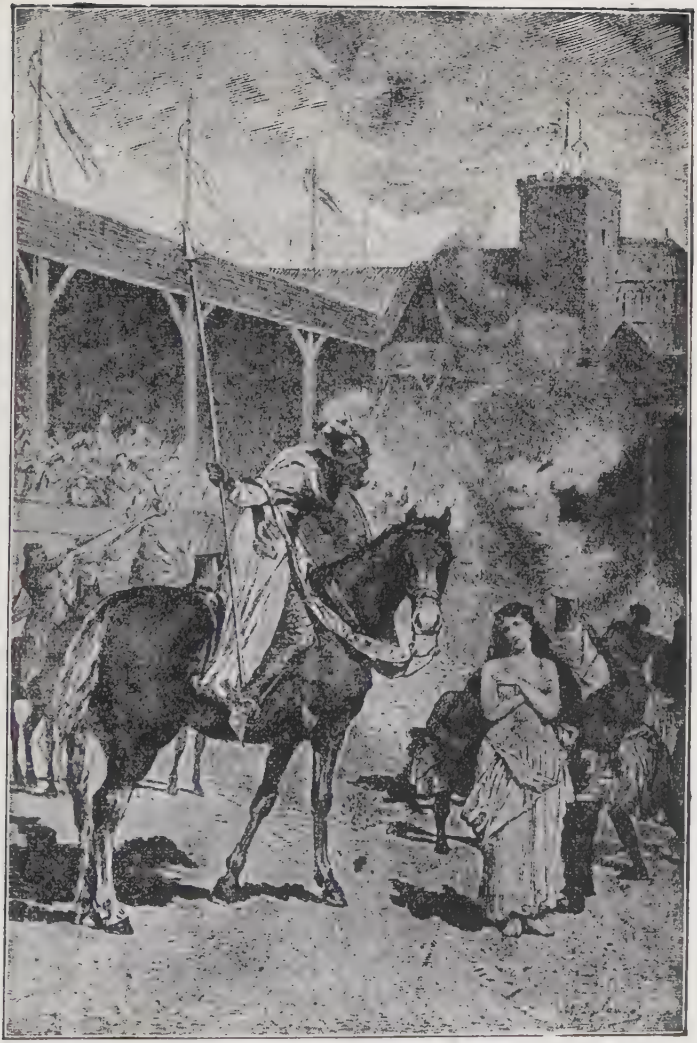
"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue—Come, brave Bois-Guilbert."

As he spoke, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain, what meanest thou by thy hand on my rein?" said Sir Brian angrily. And shaking off



REBECCA AT THE STAKE.—Drawn by Ad. Lalauze.

Face page 224.

his companion's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists.

The Judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

It was, however, the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess, accused of sorcery; and the knights whispered to each other, that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And the multitude shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine Order—unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to His keeping

I commend myself.—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce, "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured—Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers*! The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller.*

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with

his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened —but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"*Fiat voluntas tua!*"

## CHAPTER XXXIX

Briefly after the judicial combat, Cedric the Saxon was summoned to the court of Richard, which, for the purpose of quieting the counties that had been disturbed by the ambition of his brother, was then held at York. Cedric tushed and pshawed more than once at the message—but he refused not obedience. In fact, the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England. His aversion to the Norman race of kings was much undermined,—first, by consideration of the

impossibility of ridding England of the new dynasty; and, secondly, by the personal attention of King Richard, who delighted in the blunt humour of Cedric, and so dealt with the noble Saxon, that, ere he had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent to the marriage of his ward Rowena and his son Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The nuptials of our hero, thus formally approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples, the noble Minster of York.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her handmaid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil, in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanour was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour; but Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride; "or why do you offer to me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her

manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tilt-yard of Templestowe."

"Damsel," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak, is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Grenada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people."

"And are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people."

"But you, maiden," said Rowena—"you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed

of Ivanhoe," she continued, rising with enthusiasm—"she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil."

She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson.

"Lady," said Rebecca, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. Long, long will I remember your features, and Bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with"——

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious enquiries of Rowena—"I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe.—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept this casket—startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet or necklace, with ear-jewels, of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca.—"You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy!" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "O, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will wean you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—"that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to enquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremour on Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps

betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said. "May He, who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you His choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh ere we can reach the port."

# NOTES AND GLOSSARY

The following Notes, which are merely interpretative, and are not intended to display exhaustive research, are combined with a Glossary arranged in the order in which the words occur in the text. Words and phrases of frequent occurrence are only once referred to, unless in cases of ambiguity. Both Notes and Glossary are adapted for pupils of strictly limited reading, and vocabulary, and should only be used in the last resort. In class-work, it will be found that one or more members of the class already understand, or are able to infer from the context the meaning of very many of the words and phrases explained. It should be noted, however, that vocabulary forms a large part of an author's style, and judicious use of the Glossary will enable pupils to realise by their own observation something of what is meant by style, without being troubled by technical definitions. An asterisk prefixed to a word indicates an archaism. The part of speech is given in cases which admit of doubt.

[*Gurth and Wamba, wandering in the wood, meet Prior Aymer, and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who ask them the way to Cedric's house, so that they may escape the storm that is coming on. Wamba purposely directs them the wrong way, but they presently meet with a Palmer (Ivanhoe in disguise) who takes them to Rotherwood. The Templar, having heard of the beauty of Rowena, had made a wager with the Prior that he would give him ten butts of Chian wine if she turned out to be as beautiful as she was reported; if not, the Prior was to give Brian his gold collar.*]

P. 1, l. 12. **vent**, opening, outlet.

14. **dais**, part of a room, the floor of which is slightly raised above the rest.

18. **transversely**, crosswise.

19. **board**, table.

P. 2, l. 1. **settle**, seat which contains room for more than one person.

3. **canopy**, a curtain, with headpiece stretched on a frame, and held or fastened over the head of a person who sits on a chair of state.

5. **dignitaries,** important persons.
11. **thane,** a person of much the same rank in society as a country gentleman or 'squire' of the present day.
13. **alderman,** the chief man of a tribe or county.
14. **proprietor,** land-owner.
**choleric,** easily made angry.
25. **minever,** fur of the grey squirrel.
**doublet,** close-fitting jacket, covering the body from the neck to a little below the waist.
29. **sandals,** shoes consisting of a leather sole, with straps across the top of the foot.
33. **studded,** set with jewels.
P. 3, 1. 2. **perpendicularly,** straight.
5. **mass,** the most important service of the church.
12. **clown,** a servant, or slave, whose business it was to amuse his master by witty conversation, or by tricks and tales.
16. **tarries,** delays, does not come.
17. **head-gear,** whatever is worn on the head.
19. **kirtle,** short out-door dress or petticoat. The word is used also for other parts of the dress.
23. **kirk,** church.
28. **curfew,** the bell which was rung by order of William the Conqueror at eight o'clock every evening as a signal that all fires and lights were to be put out.
30. **devised,** planned.
33. **true,** honest.
P. 4, 1. 7. **prey,** plunder, spoil.
12. **council,** the assembly of nobles and bishops, etc., who advised and assisted the king in government.
14. **appeal,** summon.
**lists,** place of combat. See Introduction.
16. **passion,** love, *i.e.* for Rowena.
24. **venerable,** worthy of reverence.
25. **Templars.** See Introduction. *Persons.*
**retinue,** train of servants.
27. **tournament.** See Introduction.
33. **impeached,** blamed, found fault with.
P. 5, 1. 11. **major-domo,** a servant whose business it is to look after the arrangements of the household, and see that the other servants do their work properly.
15. **bugle-horn,** *i.e.* hunting.
**bell and book,** *i.e.* the services of the church.
**bell,** the bell that is rung as a signal at different parts of the service.
**book,** the service book.
23. **voluptuousness,** love of pleasure and luxury.

P. 6, l. 3. **cope,** a long semicircular cloak, fastened across the breast, worn by priests.

*curiously, elaborately.

8. **order,** body of persons joined together in a religious community.

11. **swart,** black, dark.

13. **predominant,** which overcomes or over-rules.

18. **weeds,** dress.

**pilgrim,** one who goes on a journey to some sacred place.

P. 7, l. 2. **expounded,** explained.

3. **discourtesy,** want of politeness.

5. **assume,** take.

9. **wand,** the long stick which the major-domo carries as sign of his office.

16. **gesture,** action, movement of the body.

**salutation,** greeting.

20. **Chian,** from the Island of Chios, in the Aegean Sea.

23. **Franklin**=*thane,* p. 2, l. 11.

25. **riveted,** fastened.

28. ***cast,** style, form.

29. **insipidity,** want of spirit, dullness.

32. **profuse,** plentiful, abundant.

P. 8, l. 3. **intimated,** were a sign of.

4. **condition,** rank, position in life.

14. **crusader,** one who fights in the Crusades, or wars of the Christians against the Turks. See Introduction. *Persons.*

15. **crave,** beg.

19. **chastising,** rebuking, punishing.

20. **train,** crowd of people.

23. **vanities,** foolish amusements.

26. **determine,** *v. t.,* cause to determine.

**thitherward,** to that place.

P. 9, l. 4. **lac dulce** (Latin), sweet milk.

**Conversing with,** when we are in the society of.

6. **pledge,** *n.,* greeting or good wish expressed as wine is being drunk.

7. **goblet,** cup.

8. **wassail,** a health.

9. **namesake introduced the word.** *Rowena,* the daughter of the Anglo-Saxon or Jutish leader, Hengest, is said to have married Vortigern, the British king of Kent. The story goes that she offered a cup of wine to Vortigern, using the Anglo-Saxon greeting *'Waes hael'* (=wassail), which means 'Be well,' and that he was told to reply *'Drinc hael,' i.e.* 'drink health.'

10. **tribute,** offering, token of respect.

13. **tax,** make a claim upon.

*require, ask.
17. truce, a short interval of peace in the midst of war.
Saladin. See Introduction. *Persons.*
P. 10, l. 6. physiognomy, countenance, face.
8. the vulgar, *i.e.* the common people.
10. doffed, took off.
21. appeased, satisfied.
23. brands, burning logs.
24. 31. mess, plateful.
24. pottage, soup.
25. seethed, boiled.
33. abstinence, abstaining from, doing without.
P. 11, l. 6. predilection, liking.
8. *mystery, occupation, business.
mystery of wood-craft, knowledge of the sports and occupations of foresters and woodmen.
11. over-sea, belonging to the other side of the sea, *i.e.* of the English Channel.
15. presumptuous, taking too much upon oneself.
20. Abbot, *i.e.* Prior.
23. garnish, adornments.
troubadours. See Introduction.
24. knave, boy, servant.
26. bear them, bear themselves, act bravely.
28. champions of the Cross, crusaders.
29. badge, *i.e.* the eight-pointed cross. See p. 6, l. 7.
31. Champions . . . Sepulchre, *i.e.* Templars. See Introduction. *Persons.*
32. palm, the token of victory.
assigned, given, granted.
P. 12, l. 3. St. John. The knights of St. John or Rhodes were an order of soldier-monks, founded 1048, whose vows were very similar to those of the Templars.
8. bulwark, defence, protection.
13. asseveration, declaration of the truth of what is said.
15. chivalry, knights.
19. St. John-de-Acre. Acre, on the coast of Palestine, was taken (1191) by Richard I, during the Third Crusade, and afterwards handed over to the knights of St. John.
22. antagonists, opponents.
assailants, persons who attack.
29. blithely, gladly.
30. guerdon, reward.
prohibits, forbids.
P. 13, l. 18. assumed, received
23. assumed, pretended.

31. **challenge,** offer to fight. See Introduction.
33. **abide,** endure, or wait patiently for.
P. 14, l. 3. **vaunts,** boasts.
6. **surety,** one who makes a promise on behalf of another, and offers to suffer the consequences if the promise be not fulfilled.
7. **security**=*surety,* l. 6.
8. **proffer,** offer.
**pledge,** a token of value, kept by the person to whom the promise is made, until it has been carried out.
9. **reliquary,** a box or case for holding a relic.
13. **vailing his bonnet,** lowering his cap, *i.e.* bowing his head.
**bonnet,** cap.
**testifying,** showing, giving a proof of.
14. **alleged sanctity,** pretended sacred character.
**relic,** something kept in memory of a saint or sacred person, such as a portion of his clothing, or something used by him.
17. **vagrant,** wanderer.
19. **underlies,** is subject to.
27. **warrant,** *n.,* pledge, promise.
**inestimable,** so valuable that its worth cannot be reckoned.
31. **grace-cup,** drinking-cup, which was handed to each guest in turn at the conclusion of a banquet or meal.
32. **Obeisance,** bending of the body in sign of respect.
P. 15, l. 9. **usury.** See Introduction.
**gull,** cheat.
10. **gauds,** useless ornaments.
**warrant,** *v.,* feel certain [about your having].
**shekels,** Hebrew coins worth about 2s. 3d. The word is used throughout *Ivanhoe* as=*money* in a general sense.
11. **scrip,** bag for containing money.
12. **halfling,** halfpenny.
16. **Exchequer.** See Introduction.
17. **be my speed,** help me.
19. **Beshrew,** curse.
21. **conference,** conversation.
22. **Moslem.** *Mussulman* or *Moslem,* both=*Mahometan, i.e.* follower of *Mahomet,* the Arab (born 569 (A.D.), who taught his countrymen to give up their former worship of many gods, and to believe in one *Allah* (ARABIC=God). His religion was adopted by the Arabs and afterwards by a great many of the Eastern nations, among others by the Turks. *Saracen* properly means Arab in *race,* but it is used also as equivalent to *Mahometan.*
25. **intricate,** elaborate, confused.
P. 16, l. 4. **tapestry,** curtains or hangings for the wall worked with the needle.
7. **accommodated,** fitted, made convenient.

8. **curiously,** cf. p. 6, l. 3.
12. **homage,** respect due to a person of superior rank.
13. **genuflection,** bending of the knee.
14. **Palmer,** pilgrim, who usually carried a branch of a palm-tree as a sign that he had been to the Holy Land.
17. **train,** servants in attendance.
23. **kindred,** relationship.
32. **surmounted,** overcome.
P. 17, l. 5. **tourney.** See Introduction.
7. **tidings,** news.
9. ***comeliness,** good looks.
26. **travail,** labour, toils.
**shrines,** places made sacred because they contain the body or relics of a saint.
28. **boon,** favour, kind gift.
30. **ignoble,** undignified, mean.
33. **mean degree,** low rank.
P. 18, l. 3. **kennels,** has his kennel, *i.e.* sleeps.
4. **St. Dunstan** (925-988), an Anglo-Saxon or Old English saint, and Archbishop of Canterbury.
9. ***bondsman,** slave.
15. **matins,** morning prayers.
19. **ejaculations,** cries, utterances.
27. **apprehension,** dread, fear.
30. **requite,** reward.
P. 19, l. 14. **extremity,** extreme degree.
20. **rack,** an instrument of torture for stretching the limbs.
29. **good-will,** good intentions, kind treatment.
P. 20, l. 3. **extortions,** the taking away of goods or money from a person by force.
4. **Lazarus,** the beggar in the parable. See *S. Luke,* xvi. 19-31.
9. **rating,** reckoning.
12. ***tribe,** *i.e.* nation.
15. **mail,** *i.e.* mail armour. See Introduction.
28. **postern gate,** small gate at the back or side of a castle. See Illustration, p. 144.
P. 21, l. 3. **recumbent,** lying down.
8. **alacrity,** eagerness.
10. **demeanour,** manner, behaviour.
12. **without,** outside.
22. **moat,** ditch filled with water, which surrounds a house or castle. See Illustration, p. 144.
23. **drawbridge,** wooden plank bridge, which can be drawn up by chains or let down again. When fastened up it forms a wall or additional defence against an enemy. See Illustration, p. 144.

26. **buckram,** strong linen cloth.
28. **raiment,** clothes.
30. **gaberdine,** long loose gown.
P. 22, l. 2. **devious,** winding, out of the beaten track.
8. **Pharaoh,** the king of Egypt, who was drowned in the Red Sea as he pursued the children of Israel. See *Exodus,* xiv. 23-28.
11. **regard,** have respect for, pay attention to.
12. **manor,** lordship, portion of land over which one *lord* has authority.
14. **beseems not,** is not proper for.
16. **succour,** help.
P. 23, l. 1. **Jacob,** the grandson of *Abraham,* and father of twelve sons, who were ancestors of the *twelve Jewish tribes.*
2. **harbour,** lodge, take refuge.
22. **lackest,** art without, art in need of.
32. **prompted,** suggested.
P. 24, l. 8. **superstitious,** being the result of a foolish religious belief.
**penance,** penalty imposed by a priest or by the Church as a punishment for sin.
9. **dead men.** Isaac refers sneeringly to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.
10. **Blaspheme,** speak irreverently of sacred things.
15. **knight's chain and spurs.** See Introduction.
26. **scroll,** paper or parchment with writing upon it.
28. **Lombardy.** Jews in Spain and Italy, and especially in Lombardy, were persecuted less than in other parts of Europe.
29. **Milan** was famous at this time for the manufacture of armour.
32. **furnish. . . forth,** provide the needful things.
P. 25, l. 5. **forfeit,** *adj.,* forfeited, given up as a sign of defeat.
12. **rod of Moses,** which brought forth water from the rock. See *Exodus,* xvii. 4-6.
22. **predominated,** overcame, got the better.
26. **usage.** See Introduction.
29. **hurly-burly,** confused crowd.
33. **gramercy,** thanks.
P. 26, l. 1. **courtesy,** kindness.
**frankly,** freely.
2. **go . . . but,** be a very strong reason that should prevent.
7. **pavilions,** tents.
8. **pennons,** flags of swallow-tail form.
9. **challengers,** *i.e.* those who challenged others to fight.
12. **squire.** See Introduction.
23. **tournament.** See Introduction.
25. **yeomanry,** *i.e.* middle-class people. *Yeomen* were properly

small farmers who owned their land as freeholders. As fighting men they were *archers*, who fought on foot with *bows* and *arrows*.

**degree**, rank.

P. 27, l. 6. **sumptuously**, splendidly, grandly.

9. **habits**, costumes.

11. **La Royne . . . Amours** (Old French), the queen of beauty and love. See Introduction.

18. **high-mettled**, spirited.

**caracoled**, pranced, wheeled about.

22. **daughter of Zion**, Jewess. Zion was the hill on which Jerusalem, the principal city of the Jews, stood.

25. **symmetrical**, well-proportioned.

32. **sable tresses**, black hair.

P. 28, l. 6. **pendants**, hanging ornaments.

8. **agraffe**, a sort of brooch.

13. **king**, *i.e.* Solomon.

15. **Rose**, etc. See *Song of Solomon*, ii. 1.

19. **Mammon of unrighteousness**, *i.e.* wicked mammon, or rich man. See *S. Luke*, xvi. 9. *Mammon* means 'riches,' and so 'rich man.'

20. **Marks**, coins worth 13s. 4d.

**Byzants**, gold coins worth about 9s. John gives Isaac these titles in joke, because of his wealth.

**contesting**, disputing, struggling.

22. **cross**, coin. The mark of a *cross* was made on certain coins.

**pouches**, pockets or purses.

26. **houri** (Arabic), beautiful maiden.

30. **congee**, bow.

P. 29, l. 2. **churls**, people of low rank.

4. **usurers**. See Introduction.

5. **hinds**, peasants—here used merely as a term of contempt.

6. **synagogue**, place of worship of the Jews.

8. **injurious**, insulting.

19. **vis inertiæ** (Latin), force of inaction.

22. **porker**, pig.

P. 30, l. 12. **white**, *i.e.* the white centre of the target.

15. **St. Grizzel**, St. Griselda.

16. **voice**, vote, approval.

19. **deportment**, behaviour.

24. **an**, if.

27. **infidel**, unbelieving.

28. **swarthy hide**, dark skin.

29. **horse-furniture**, trappings and harness of a horse.

P. 31, l. 3. **Marry**, by Mary, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary.

5. **abomination**. Jews are forbidden to eat the flesh of pigs.

7. **wooden sword,** a play-sword which was often carried by a jester.
13. **vanquished,** conquered.
14. **brandishing,** flinging about with the arms.
16. **champion,** fighter, one who fights on behalf of another.
19. **Witless,** one without understanding.
20. **Weatherbrain,** *i.e.* scatterbrain, foolish person.

**Alderman,** properly the elder or chief of a tribe. Wamba intends a joke, that Aldermen are often foolish people, although supposed as *elders* to be wise.

23. **heraldry,** the science of making coats of arms. The herald should know what signs and colours are allowed by the laws of *heraldry* to be placed *beside* or *upon* one another.
32. **jennet,** horse.

P. 32, l. 4. **cavalcade,** ride.
8. **halidom,** holiness, *i.e.* fact of being a Christian.
11. **liberal,** generous, tolerant.
17. **grace,** adornment, feature of attraction.
21. **acquiesced,** agreed.
24. ***undertake,** be willing and ready to fight.
29. **reverse,** handle-end.

P. 33, l. 1. arms of **courtesy,** harmless weapons.
8. **accomplished,** fulfilled, kept.
9. **vow,** solemn promise.

**breaking . . . lances.** 11. **tourney;** 26. **barriers.** See Introduction.
23. **adjudge,** decide.

P. 34, l. 1. **pacific,** peaceful.
2. **extremity,** end, outside limit.
4. **sallying,** going out.
7. **individually,** one by one.
8. **respective,** belonging to each.
9. **clarions,** a kind of trumpet with a narrow tube.
11. **dexterity,** skill.
22. **swerved . . . charge,** turned his horse aside as he charged.
23. **encounter,** meeting.
29. **Saracenic.** The music was played by the Saracen followers of Bois-Guilbert.
33. **defiance,** contemptuous challenge.

P. 35, l. 5. **device,** the engraved emblem, or picture, which expressed the character or condition of the knight.
8. **Disinherited,** having the rights of an heir or elder son taken away from one.
9. **alley,** passage.
13. **presumption,** boldness, daring.
14. **redoubted,** famous for courage.

18. **confessed yourself,** confessed your sins to the priest, as a man would naturally do if he expected to die.
20. **peril,** *v.,* put into danger.
P. 36, l. 1. **stationary,** without moving.
3. **adversary,** enemy.
14. **augured,** expected, looked forward to.
**terminate,** end.
16. **gallantry,** fine, bold conduct.
24. **recoil,** retreat.
25. **address,** skill.
**recovered,** pulled up, caused to recover balance.
29. **demivolte,** half-wheel.
32. **acclamations,** shouts of praise.
**attested,** proved, bore witness to.
P. 37, l. 2. **graced,** made splendid, adorned.
3. **resumed,** taken again.
**station,** position.
8. **truncheon,** staff of authority.
9. **the onset,** the signal for the knights to attack one another.
12. **fortune,** luck.
15 and 23. **fair,** *adv.,* skilfully.
21. **addressed,** aimed, directed.
22. **attained,** reached.
24. **visor.** See Introduction.
26. **reputation,** fame, character for courage.
30. **extricate,** disentangle.
P. 38, l. 2. **marshals,** officers who kept order and had authority over the proceedings.
5. **species,** kind.
7. **resentful,** angry.
20. **beaver.** See Introduction.
21. **quaffed,** drank.
28. **sable,** black.
P. 39, l. 8. **casque,** helmet.
16. **career,** ride; the rushing onward of the horses.
23. **avowing,** declaring, confessing.
29. **unanimous,** with one accord, with one mind or voice.
30. **award,** decision in a person's favour.
P. 40, l. 4. **alleging,** giving as a reason.
14. **issue,** result.
16. **successively,** one after another.
22. **ascertained,** discovered, made certain.
24. **Over . . . forbode,** may God forbid.
28. **impending,** threatening.
32. **circumference,** limit, surrounding line.
33. **wants . . . of,** is three inches less than

P. 41, l. 3. **ponderous,** extremely heavy.
4. **course,** charge or bout in the tournament.
8. **eulogy,** speech in praise.
14. **accoutred,** clothed and covered.
15. **war-furniture,** armour and harness, such as is worn in war.
19. **exhibiting,** showing off.
23. **attributed,** given as the cause.
24. **propriety,** proper conduct, good manners.
P. 42, l. 2. **expecting,** waiting for.
5. **excitation,** excitement.
11. **prerogative,** privilege to which one has a right.
12. **confer,** bestow, give.
19. **interchangeably,** alternately.
25. **discomfiture,** defeat.
26. **malevolent,** malicious, ill-disposed.

P. 43, l. 6. **Barbary,** a state in the north of Africa inhabited by Arabs, and whence Arabian horses were imported.

16. **Philistine,** *i.e.* enemy. The Philistines were the enemies of the Jews. See *Judges,* xiii., etc.

21. **Og . . . Sihon,** two kings conquered by the Jews in the time of Moses. See *Numbers,* xxi. 21-35.

P. 44, l. 1. **menacing,** threatening.
4. **damsels,** young ladies.
5. **disaffection,** rebellion against authority.
13. **confirm,** strengthen by agreement, or consent.
**nomination,** naming a person as suitable for an appointment or position of importance.
23. **sire,** father.
25. **empress,** *i.e.* queen.
29. **possesses,** is acquainted with, has knowledge of.

[*Gurth attends Ivanhoe in the tournament, disguised as his squire, and Ivanhoe receives arms and horses, etc., from the knights he has conquered.*]

31. **sustain,** hold, keep up.

P. 45, l. 7. **vicinity,** neighbourhood.
11. **Oriental,** Eastern.
16. **dejected,** cast down, melancholy.
**mien,** manner, expression.

19. **Twelve Holy Fathers,** the sons of Jacob. See note on p. 23, l. 1.

20. **venture,** undertaking, enterprise.
21. **jot and tittle,** smallest parts.
**law of Moses,** *i.e.* the laws and customs imposed upon the Jews by Moses, and contained in the Book of Leviticus.
22. **zecchins,** a Venetian gold coin worth about 9s. 6d.
23. **talons,** claws.

26. **blotch of Egypt . . . him,** *i.e.* may he be plagued with blotches and boils,—as the Egyptians were plagued in the time of Moses. See *Exodus,* ix. 8-12.

P. 46, l. 2. **myrrh and aloes,** rich scents.

5. **exacted,** insisted upon receiving.

7. **store,** wealth.
**gettings,** gains.

14. **suppress,** keep under, not to show signs of.

18. **in some sort,** in one way.

19. **children of Zion.** See note on p. 27, l. 22.

22. **pageant,** show, splendid ceremony.

29. **Sabaoths,** Sabbaths. The Jewish Sabbath, or day of rest, is Saturday.

P. 47, l. 2. **rebuilding.** Jerusalem was taken and the temple on Mount Zion destroyed by Titus, the son of the Roman emperor Augustus, in A.D., 70.

6. **awe,** dread, fear.

14. **Nazarene,** *i.e.* a Christian, or follower of Jesus of Nazareth.

20. **screen,** veil, covering.

27. **intercourse,** dealing, conversation.

P. 48, l. 10. **exultation,** delight.

12. **draught,** drink.

16. **nectar,** drink fit for gods.

17. **fain to quaff,** glad to drink.

18. **draff,** dregs of malt after it has been brewed.

20. **in hand the whilst,** to go on with for a little while.

26. **surplus,** what is left over, what remains [to be paid].

P. 49, l. 1. **crossbow,** weapon formed of a bow fastened crosswise to a wooden handle. It was the origin of the modern rifle, and later in date than the old English *long-bow.*
**bolts,** arrows.

5. **guilder,** silver coin worth about 1s. 8d.

10. **least,** lowest.

14. **wrong,** injury, hurt.

16. **wind,** *n.,* breathing power.

23. **talents,** weight of silver equal to about £187 10s. Here it simply means 'coins.'

25. **consider** *i.e.* remember and give a present to.

28. **acquittance,** paper acknowledging the safe receipt.

30. **told,** counted.

P. 50, l. 3. **clipt . . . ring.** It was a common practice for thieves to *clip* or cut off small portions of coins, and then to melt the clippings down into fresh coins.
**the ring,** the ornamental pattern that goes round the coin. To prevent *clipping,* coins were at a later date made with bevelled edges.

8. **enumeration,** counting.
15. **chime,** ring, sound [of the coin as it drops].
16. **a grain above weight.** Coins are weighed in *grains, ounces,* etc. (troy weight). The full and proper weight would be a certain number of *grains.*
19. ***tale,** number.
22. **pouch,** bag.
26. **quittance**=*acquittance,* p. 49, l. 28.
27. **Peril of,** lest there should be danger to.
30. **Ishmaelite.** See Introduction.
30, 31. **gone . . . beyond,** cheated.
P. 51, l. 2. **Goliath,** the giant whom David killed. See 1 *Samuel.* xvii.
**vie,** be compared [in size, etc.].
3. **weaver's beam,** the beam which supports the weaver's loom. See 1 *Samuel,* xvii. 7.
5. **chaffering,** bargaining.
[*On his way back from Isaac Gurth encounters outlaws in the wood. They take his money from him, but on discovering that he is a good fighter with the quarter-staff, and a Saxon servant of Ivanhoe, they return the money and let him go, on his promise to keep the adventure secret.*]
12. **apparition,** appearance, which may or may not be reality.
16. **transaction,** dealing.
17. **detailed,** gave an account of.
P. 52, l. 6. **formality,** ceremony, or form usually observed.
23. **apathy,** slowness, sluggishness.
24. **recommend,** make agreeable or cause to be well thought of.
28. **assent,** agreement.
P. 53, l. 4. **preference,** affection.
16. **uncovered,** took off their caps.
17. **palfrey,** a lady's horse, or horse in general.
19. **loyalty,** faithful obedience to a superior or sovereign.
24. **marshalled,** led.
P. 54, l. 8. **mortal,** deadly.
**animosity,** enmity, hatred.
23. **eluded,** escaped.
P. 55, l. 2. **agility,** quick, active movement.
17. **procured,** gained for, gave.
18. **le noir faineant** (Old French), the black do-nothing.
33. **wielded,** used [a weapon or tool].
P. 56, l. 5. **cope,** struggle.
10. **encumbered,** hindered, by a weight or entanglement.
18. **warder,** staff of office.
30. **chaplet,** wreath, or crown.
P. 57, l. 6. **impulse,** guiding, direction.

15. **unhelmed,** took the helmet off.
16. **gorget,** piece of armour that covers the throat and neck.
29. **meed,** reward.

P. 58, l. 4. **consternation,** dismay, astonishment.
11. **penetrated,** pierced.
14. **billet,** note.
22. **superscription,** writing outside, address.
24. **flox-silk . . . surrounded,** the silk which was tied round the note.
25. **impression,** mark impressed upon some soft substance such as wax.

**fleurs-de-lis,** ornaments in the shape of lilies (Old French, *fleur-de-lis*=lily-flower). This ornament is part of the coat-of-arms of the King of France.

26. **the billet.** See Introduction.
27. **perused,** read through.

P. 59, l. 9. **France's,** the King of France's.
12. ***centrical,** central.
14. **mummery,** pretence of amusement.
22. **serfs,** peasants, labouring people.
27. **presently,** immediately.
29. **silvan,** connected with the woods, *i.e.* with hunting.
31. **view,** look at.
32. **wore . . . livery,** *i.e.* were foresters or keepers belonging to the King.
33. **investigation,** examination, inspection.

P. 60, l. 1. **resentment,** feeling of anger on account of an injury or insult.
7. **adventure,** risk, make a trial of.
8. **merry-men,** good fellows.
12. **relish,** like the taste of.
13. **unwittingly,** unintentionally.
20. **nobles,** coin worth about 6s. 8d.
21. ***Provost,** officer who regulates the sports.
22. **presence,** *i.e.* presence of royal persons.
23. **craven,** coward.
29, 30. **delivered their shafts,** shot their arrows.
32. **forester,** gamekeeper, or worker in the forest.

P. 61, l. 2. **try conclusions with,** see what will be the end of the contest with.
3. **sith,** since.
9. **braggart,** boaster.
12. **grandsire,** grandfather.

**longbow.** The ordinary bow used by English archers, so called to distinguish it from the cross-bow.

**Hastings,** *i.e.* the Battle of Hastings, 1066.

21. **nigh,** *adv.,* nearly.
29. **pause upon,** delay.
P. 62, l. 4. **runagate knave,** contemptible fellow.
4, 6. **an,** if.
5. **gallows,** *i.e.* hanging.
9. ***generation,** family, descendants.
16. **mend,** improve upon.
18. **notch,** make a notch or mark in.
20. **precaution,** care.
21. **lighted,** alighted, came down.
22. **competitor,** rival, one against whom another contends.
33. **woodsman,** forester, one who understands *wood-craft* (p. 11, l. 8).

P. 63, ll. 4, 5. **Arthur's round-table.** The British King Arthur was said to have made all his knights sit at a round table, so that none should seem to be in a higher position than the others. Many of the old stories about *knights* were connected with this King Arthur.

7. **headless,** without a point.
15. **cleave,** make a cleft or notch in.
**give . . . bucklers,** *i.e.* yield to him.
16. **devil.** The devil was always supposed to be helping people when they did anything specially clever. **jerkin,** short outer coat.
21. **Sirrah,** fellow.
31. **truly,** exactly.
**frayed,** rubbed.
P. 64, l. 1. **vindicated,** proved to be right.
3. ***jubilee,** joyful shout.
7. **bugle,** the silver horn, the prize of the contest.
8. **livery,** dress of a servant or retainer.
20. **bounty,** kind offering.

[*Cedric and Athelstane accept Prince John's invitation to a banquet at Ashby Castle, where the Norman knights make fun of their manners and insult them. Cedric, who is asked to name a Norman knight of whom the health should be drunk, gives the name of Richard "the Lion-hearted," and John and his followers are much annoyed.*]

P. 65, l. 11. **sagacity,** cleverness, intelligence.
14. **cased in mail,** clothed in mail-armour.
19. **discretion,** good sense.
20. **justified,** proved to be right.
**event,** result.
25. **plat,** smooth, flat piece of ground.
33. **emblem, token,** *i.e.* imitation.
P. 66, l. 8. **concentric,** meeting together in the centre.

12. **assurance,** certain promise.
14. **assailed,** attacked, knocked at.
15. **hermitage,** dwelling-place of a hermit or solitary priest.
**butt,** handle-end.
18. **unpropitious,** unfavourable.
24. **bewildered,** having lost his way.
30. **nurture,** bringing up, training.
31. **speed,** *v.,* help.

P. 67, l. 5. **anchorite,** hermit or priest who lives by himself, and spends his life in prayer and fasting.

6. **pater** (LATIN, father) = Our Father, etc., the Lord's Prayer.
**ave** (LATIN, hail) = Hail Mary, a prayer to the Virgin Mary.
**credo** (LATIN, I believe) *i.e.* the repeating of the creed.

8. **vow.** Hermits or anchorites made solemn promises (*vows*) to repeat a certain number of prayers and services every day.
9. **vociferated,** shouted.
13. **morass,** marsh.
14. **abated,** *v. int.,* become less, ceased.
17. **precipitous,** steep.
24. **told bead,** *i.e.* counted the beads of his *rosary,* or string of beads, by which he reckons the number of prayers he has repeated.
25. **prevail on,** persuade.
**hold,** take.
26. **rood,** cross.
28. **wayfarer,** traveller.
29. **importunate,** insistently demanding.
**carnal,** worldly, *i.e.* the opposite of the *spiritual* weapon of *prayer.*

P. 68, l. 6. **staples,** the metal loops which hold the doorposts to the wall.

P. 69, l. 2. **athletic,** belonging to a person who is accustomed to take muscular exercise.

6. **meditations,** thoughts.
16. **platter,** dish.
23. **provender,** food [of animals].
26. **charger,** war-horse.
31. ***trencher,** dish.

P. 70, l. 1. **termination,** last syllable, end.
14. **cowl,** hood of a monk's gown.
16. **austerity,** strict and hard way of life.
17. **bluff,** coarse.
19. **vermilion,** scarlet, red.
22. **mastication,** chewing, eating.
28. **sun and sun,** one sunrise and the next.

29. **Danes and Britons.** St. Dunstan (see note on p. 18, l. 4) lived during the period of Danish invasions. The hermit speaks of *Britons,* as though he thought they were much the same as *Danes,*

P. 71, l. 3. **beverage,** liquor, drink.
**thriven,** succeeded.
4. **marvellously,** wonderfully.
5. **ram . . . wrestling-match.** At village feasts a ram was often offered as a prize for the best wrestler.
9. **laity,** people who are not priests.
11. **pittance,** small quantity of food.
16. **Clerk,** learned man, priest.
17. **epithet,** word which describes qualities.
18. **stand . . . upon,** insist upon.
27. **counsel,** wisdom.
28. **likes,** pleases.
29. **license,** easy way of living.
32. **forest-walk,** portion of a forest marked out as the charge of a keeper.

P. 72, l. 13. **hutch,** small dark room or cupboard.
14. **ingenuity,** skill.
15. **aperture,** opening.
16. **pasty,** pie.
**dimensions,** measurements, size.
18. **poniard,** dagger, short knife.
22. **reinforcement,** strengthening, addition.
23. **cheer,** food.
27. **buck,** male stag.
27. **venison,** the flesh of a deer.
30. **bethink me,** remember.

P. 73, l. 1. **bound,** obliged.
**comply,** act in accordance with.
10. **stoup,** bottle.
11. **ally,** companion.
13. **rigid,** strict.
15. **crypt,** cellar.
16. **conjecture,** guess.
27. **did . . . reason,** gave excuse—for drinking.
28. **brimmer,** cup brimful.
31. **thews,** muscles.
32. **therewithal,** in addition to that, besides that.
**trencher-man,** person with a good appetite.

P. 74, l. 2. **disport,** sport.
**King's deer,** The game-laws [laws against taking the deer belonging to the king, or spoiling his hunting], were very severe at this time.

5. **chaplain,** one who serves a small church or *chapel* as priest.
9. **spoil,** *i.e.* rob.
**liege,** sovereign king.
**game,** quadruped or bird, which is hunted or chased for food.
10. **an,** if.
14. **ever and anon,** now and then.
21. **put me to,** force me to.
22. **made good,** insisted upon.
31, 32. **deeming . . . slightly,** thinking little.
33. **arms,** weapons.
P. 75, l. 2. **absolution,** forgiveness of sin pronounced by a priest.
3. **excess,** a too abundant amount.
7. **Delilah,** the wife of Samson, who cut off his hair with *scissors.* See *Judges,* xvi. 19.
7. **Jael,** the wife of Heber, who drove a nail into the head of Sisera, the captain of the Canaanites, and so killed him. See *Judges,* iv. 21.
8. **scimitar,** sword.
9. **election,** choice.
10. **trinkets,** toys.
12. **bucklers,** shields.
19. **uncanonical,** not according to the rules, or *canons* of the church.
31. **manhood,** courage.
33. **lay,** song.
P. 76, l. 1. **nook,** corner, small piece.
5. **flagon,** bottle.
**crave,** require.
13. **cabal,** party.
**open,** put forward, promise.
14. **advantage,** good fortune, advancement.
18. **animate,** encourage, enliven.
22. **accomplices,** companions in a plot or scheme.
24. **calculations,** plans, reckonings.
26. **impoverished,** having become poor.
28. **reckoning,** enquiry into obligations and debts.
P. 77, l. 2. **construed,** explained as.
4. **in fine,** finally.
**adherent,** member of a party, follower.
14. **faction,** party, group of persons acting together against lawful authority.
20. **kirtle,** short jacket. See note on p. 3, l. 19.
25. **mummery,** ridiculous play.
26. **quaint maskings,** dressing-up.

P. 78, l. 2. **joint,** belonging to both.
3. **patron,** master, one who protects dependents.
5. **promotion,** forwarding, carrying on.
7. **ambition,** aiming at great position, desire of greatness.
14. **policy,** statecraft.
15. **Free Companions.** See Introduction. *Persons.*
16. **auxiliary,** *n.,* assistant.
17. **utter,** extreme.
19. **urgent,** important.
20. **me,** myself.
21. **tribe of Benjamin.** The tribe of Benjamin carried off their wives by force. See *Judges,* xxi.
22. **equipment,** dress.
27. **be,** are.
30. **descent,** race, family.

P. 79, l. 1. **crisis,** difficult time, period which decides or makes clear what the future events will be.
2. **indispensable,** that cannot be done without.
6. **garb,** dress.
7. **outlaws.** See Introduction.
11. **falcon-ways,** like a falcon or hawk, which darts on its prey.
13. **play the,** pretend to be a.
16. ***dame,** wife.
18. **device,** invention.
23. **shaped,** planned.
24. **personate,** pretend to be.
29. **confederate,** ally.

P. 80, l. 7. **untimely,** not suitable to the time, unseasonable.
11. **design,** attempt, intention.
18. **custody,** charge.
21. **renounced,** refused to have dealings with.
29. **well-attired,** well-dressed.

**litter,** couch or bed, slung on poles, by which ladies formerly travelled. The *litter* was carried either by men, or horses.

[*Gurth is discovered by Oswald and brought back to Cedric, who has him fettered as a punishment for taking Ivanhoe's part. As they journey through the forest, Cedric loses his temper and throws a javelin at Gurth's dog, Fangs. He tries in vain to rouse Athelstane to make an effort to gain the throne, and also to persuade Rowena to consent to a marriage with Athelstane. While they are exchanging horses, etc., for the sake of helping Isaac and Rebecca, Gurth contrives to escape from his fetters, and afterwards joins Wamba, who beats off the soldiers with his wooden sword.*]

P. 81, l, 2. **transported,** carried off. **press,** crowd.
23. **mercenaries,** hired soldiers.

27. **banditti,** robbers, *i.e.* outlaws.
28. **your valours,** you brave men.
29. ***humiliation,** excessive humility.
30. **tables of our law.** The laws of the Jews were given to Moses written on *tables* or tablets of stone. See *Exodus,* xxxi. 18.
32. **captivity.** The Jews were carried into captivity by the King of Babylon. See *Jeremiah,* xxxix. 9.

P. 82, l. 3. **tilt-yard,** *i.e.* the lists at Ashby.
4. **hold,** consider.
9. **diminish,** lessen.
13. **runagates,** villains.
14. **seconded,** supported, agreed with.
16. **posture,** attitude.
31. **chance,** happened to.
32. **embittered,** made bitterly sad.

P. 83, l. 6. **extremity,** extreme danger and misery.
7. **sumpter-mules,** mules for carrying the baggage.
8. **serfs,** slaves.
14. **dingle,** dell, small valley.
**traversed,** crossed.
16. **pass,** narrow passage between two hills.
18. **defile**=*dingle,* l. 14.
25. **a white dragon,** *i.e.* of St. George, the patron saint of England.
32. **embarrassed,** encumbered, hindered.

P. 84, l. 2. **cavalcade,** procession of persons on horseback.
10. **baldrick,** belt slung crossways over the shoulders for carrying a bugle or sword.
17. **rifle,** plunder, rob.
19. **cassocks,** long loose coats.
20. **thy children's,** *i.e.* the outlaws'.
30. **vizard,** face-covering, mask.
32. **reconnoitring,** examining the position and intentions of the enemy.

P. 85, l. 5. **attempt,** attack.
21. **bent,** prepared for shooting.
26. **the miller,** a nickname given to one of the outlaws.
31. **St. Nicholas,** the patron saint of thieves.

P. 86, l. 1. **Watling Street,** a Roman road, parts of which still exist, that formerly ran right across England from London to Chester.
3. **on,** of.
12. **gallants,** gay young men.
**masquerading . . . guise,** dressing up in the same kind of clothes and weapons.

[*The knight and the hermit continue to drink and sing until they are disturbed by Locksley.*]

17. **implicit,** exact.
23. **burden,** chorus, words repeated at the end of each verse of a song.
24. **trowl,** pass round.
25. **Bully,** jolly, cheerful.
27. **A senseless line,** made up for the sake of the jingle, *jenkin* and *drinking.*

**I spy . . . drinking,** I see you [my fellow-drinker] drinking like a knave.

P. 87, l. 3. **flourish,** set of notes [in music] or call of trumpets.
4. **benighted,** overtaken by night and having lost one's way.

**would not for my cowl,** should not wish for fear I might lose my cowl.

7. **malignant,** spiteful.
11. **calumniators,** people who speak undeserved evil of others.
14. **bars.** See Introduction.
18. **pate,** head.
19. **strike into,** join with me in.
20. **is no matter for,** does not matter about.
22. **De . . . clamavi** (Latin). Out of the depths have I cried [unto thee, O Lord]. The beginning of Psalm cxxx.
23. **apparatus,** *i.e.* the dishes, cups, etc.
28. **matins,** morning service.
31. **wend,** go.

P. 88, l. 6. **imports me,** is important for me.
19. **portal,** door.
22. **boon,** *adj.,* gay.
25. **orisons,** prayers.
26. **monk . . . militant,** fighting member of the church, *i.e.* soldier.
29. **quarter-staff,** club for fighting, about 6½ feet long, and loaded with iron at each end.
33. **articles,** *i.e.* the rules agreed to by the outlaws.

P. 89, l. 2. **dish,** *i.e.* collecting dish.
8. **prating,** chattering.
11. **wroth,** angry.
16. **ring twelve,** sound twelve strokes.
21. **hose,** leggings.

P. 90, l. 22, **vow,** *i.e.* as a knight.
25. ***nameless,** not possessing any claim to have one's *name* known.
29. **inviolate,** certain not to be broken.

[*Cedric, left in the hall of the castle with Athelstane, relates the story of Harold (King of England 1066) receiving the envoy of his brother Tosti in that hall. Athelstane pays no attention, because he is thinking that it is dinner time. They recognise they are*

*prisoners in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf, and when servants arrive with a meal, they offer a ransom for their deliverance.*]

33. **resolution,** determination, strong will.

P. 91, l. 7. **dialogue,** conversation.

11. **mystery,** mysterious plot, secret. Perhaps an allusion to the old Plays which were called *Mysteries.*

14. **deposited,** placed.

17. **vehemence,** violence, strength.

26. **instil,** put into the mind.

28. **mate,** wife, match.

P. 92, l. 8. **gainsay,** oppose.

18. **foray,** plundering expedition.

20. **drift,** intention.

21. **resume,** take up again, continue.

29. **winded,** sounded, blew.

P. 93, l. 11. **lair,** resting-place [of a wild animal].

22. **transverse,** laid one across the other.

27. **dishevelled,** disordered.

29. **Rembrandt,** a Flemish painter who lived 1600-1689, and frequently painted portraits of old men and women.

32. ***expiry,** conclusion, end.

P. 94, l. 8. **satellite,** attendants.

18, 19. **after . . . London,** according to the legal weight of silver.

The Tower of London, at this time [1093] one of the palaces of the Kings of England, contained weights and balances which represented the standard or *legal* weight, according to which goods and metals might be bought or exchanged.

23. **minstrel's tale.** The minstrels [see Introduction] sang or told stories about all sorts of impossible wonders.

27. **tithe,** tenth part.

30. **scant,** scarce.

32. **carcass,** body [in a contemptuous sense].

P. 95, l. 7. **knavery,** roguery, cheating.

13. **perjure thyself,** swear falsely.

14. **seal,** make certain—as if by a *seal.*

18. **keys,** *i.e.* the complete authority.

19. **peremptory,** not to be disobeyed or escaped from.

24. **flint and steel.** This was the only method of striking a light until the nineteenth century, when matches were invented.

**disposed,** arranged.

32. **maintain,** keep up.

P. 96, l. 4. **option,** choice.

11. **sacked,** plundered after a siege.

13. **blench,** turn aside.

15. **discharge,** unload, disburden.

**superfluous,** unnecessary, existing in too great quantity.
18. **Tell,** count.
19. **ransom,** money paid to set a person free from prison.
20. **redeem thee,** rescue thyself, purchase freedom.
22. **dross,** money [in a contemptuous sense].
24. **Abraham . . . fathers.** See note on p. 23, l. 1.
27. **exorbitant,** outrageous, that goes beyond measure.
P. 97, l. 8, **relenting,** giving up a purpose.
15. **mendicant,** beggar.
24. **pawn-broking,** acting like a pawn-broker, or money-lender.
25. **faith,** faithfulness,
P. 98, l. 3. **craving . . . shekels,** begging you to lend me some of your money.
7. **deign,** condescend.
12. **desolation,** forsaken condition.
14. **contribute,** add a share, or portion.
22. **recommend,** advise; cf. p. 52, l. 24.
28. **safe conduct,** permission to travel in safety.
P. 99, l. 3. **handmaiden,** slave.
5. **patriarchs,** *i.e.* Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.
10. **availed,** made use.
**enlargement,** being set free.
33. **to boot,** as well, besides.
P. 100, l. 9. ***betide,** happen to.
12. **impotent,** helpless.
**bridle,** control.
31. **extremities,** extreme pains; cf. p. 19, l. 14.
P. 101, l. 18. **prosecute,** carry out.
19. **views . . . possessions,** intentions to marry her and take possession of her property.
23. **motioned,** made a movement with the hand.
P. 102, l. 4. **fondly,** unwisely.
7. **jargon,** affected language.
10. **ascribed,** considered as due.
13. **loadstar,** star which attracts all others to itself.
16. **intrude,** thrust, push.
21. **heralds.** It is the business of a *herald* to be acquainted with the names, degrees, and deeds of knights and warriors.
25. **record,** write an account of.
28. **booty,** plunder taken after a fight or battle.
32. **frenzy,** violent affection.
P. 103, l. 6. **pretensions,** claims.
7. **meeter,** more fit.
**humour,** character.
8. **bow and bill,** *i.e.* fighting.
**Bill,** a kind of pike or spear.

11. **churlishness of deed,** an ill-mannered action.
12. **clown,** man of low rank.
13. **gall,** annoy, inconvenience.
13, 14. **more . . . honour,** it would be more honourable for you.
16. **demeanour,** manner, behaviour.
23. **place,** position, rank.
**alliance,** marriage union.
25. **grange,** small country house.

P. 104, l. 2. **minion,** favourite, darling—used in a contemptuous sense.

18, 19. **use of chivalry,** customs of knights.
24. **barony,** manor, lordship, estate.
**unscrupulously,** without *scruples* or hesitations about the right or wrong of an action.
26. ***suit,** courtship, proposal of marriage.

P. 105, l. 6. **bluntness,** straightforwardness.
16. **javelin,** spear.
20. **encountered,** experienced.
25. **undismayed,** not alarmed, undisturbed.
27. **imminent,** near at hand, threatening closely.

P. 106, l. 2. **recede,** draw back.

14. **sequestered,** separated from other parts.
16. **sibyl,** witch-like woman.
18. **revolving,** turning round and round.
**spindle,** spinning wheel.
28. ***groom,** fellow.

P. 107, l. 2. **reason on,** talk about.

11. **train,** scent [of an animal].
**tongue.** Rebecca speaks with a foreign accent, so that Urfried recognises her as a Jewess.
15. **atone,** make amends [for a fault].
18. **usage,** treatment.

P. 108, l. 2. **scruple,** hesitation. cf. p. 104, l. 24.

8. **avert,** turn aside, prevent.
19. **circumscribed,** entirely enclosed.
22. **embattled,** surrounded with *battlements,* or walls with openings through which arrows, etc., can be shot. See Illustration, p. 144.
26. **bartisan,** a small turret sticking out from the corner of a building. See Illustration, p. 144.

P. 109, l. 13. **lily . . . Baca.** *Baca,* a valley in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. See *Psalms,* lxxxiv. 6.

14. **alchemist,** one who is able to turn everything into gold by skilful chemistry.
22. **dialect,** language.
29. **witch,** *i.e.* one able to enchant. Saul consulted the witch

of Endor. See 1 *Samuel,* xxviii. 7.

31. **prompt,** ready and inclined.

P. 110, l. 7. **Despardieux** (Old French), by the gods.

8. **Queen of Sheba,** the rich Queen of the East who came to visit Solomon. See I *Kings,* x.

9. **captive . . . spear,** prisoner taken by force in fair fight.

10. **abate,** *v.t.,* lessen, give up.

11. **abstain,** refrain, hesitate.

15. **yield,** be surpassed.

16. **lance,** one who uses a lance.

22. **forsworn,** having broken his oath as a priest.

24. **infamy,** disgrace.

27. **parapet,** a breast-high wall springing up from the roof. See Illustration, p. 144.

31. **intercept,** go between, or in front of.

P. 111, l. 8. **fortitude,** strength of mind.

12. **estimate,** judge of, value.

17. **crest,** coat of arms.

24. **reversed.** A disgraced soldier is punished by having his arms *reversed, i.e.* placed with the dangerous end behind instead of in front.

29. **verge,** edge.

30. **embrasures,** openings.

P. 112, l. 4. **corresponded,** agreed.

8. **animated,** full of life and vigour.

16. **reared,** built.

22. **relentless,** pitiless.

29. **Castile,** a province of Spain, which at this date (1193) formed a separate kingdom.

**Byzantium,** Constantinople, then the capital of the Eastern Empire.

33. **domain,** estate.

P. 113, l. 5. **offspring,** descendant, child.

11. **compensate,** atone, make up for.

12. **vengeance**=*revenge,* l. 17, doing injury to those by whom one has been injured.

14. **recompense,** reward.

18, 19. **temptation . . . itself.** An allusion to the fall of the bad angels from heaven. See *Isaiah,* xiv, 12; *Jude,* 6.

23. **extended,** extensive, far-reaching.

26. **social,** belonging to members of a state or society.

31. **batoon,** staff of office.

33. **mailed,** covered with mail armour.

P. 114, l. 1. **gauntlet,** *i.e.* armed hand.

2. **gripe,** grip, power.

3 **Messiah** (Hebrew)=anointed. The Jews hoped for one

to arise who should rule as a king (*Messiah*) over them, and restore to them the position of a separate nation instead of their being *dispersed* or scattered among other nations.

10. **conclaves,** meetings of members of a society.
**derision,** mockery, cause of laughter.
14. **display,** proof, shewing off.
15. **application,** putting close one to another.
**touchstone,** substance which proves by touching another metal whether it is precious or not.
26. **inverting,** turning, putting upside down.
28. **magic spells,** mysterious writings or sayings, by which witches or magicians perform enchantments.

P. 115, ll. 1, 2. **that . . . character,** so much of the proper character that belongs to priests. The Templars being partly priests were therefore learned men.

10, 11. **do you . . . to wit,** beg to inform you.
12. **mastery,** force and violence.
20. **chattels . . . pertaining,** things belonging to them.
22. **pronounce,** declare.
23. **wager,** risk.
24. **annoyance,** injury.
26. **St. Withold,** a Saxon saint.
27. **trysting,** appointed as a meeting-place.
30. **document,** written statement.
33. **portend,** signify, mean.

P. 116, l. 2. **jocularity,** gaiety, laughing mood.
3. **St. Michael,** the archangel who destroyed the dragon. See *Jude,* 9.
4. **brunt,** difficult part, danger.
15. **man-at-arms,** common soldier.
17. **couch.** See Introduction.
28. **machines,** *i.e.* engines for throwing stones, and other machines used in sieges.
**scaling,** by which walls can be scaled or climbed.
33. **baronial,** belonging to a baron or powerful lord.

P. 117, l. 3. **retainers,** men who serve him as soldiers.
7. **beset,** be in the way on.
15, 16. **indited . . . an epistle,** wrote a letter.
16. **tenor,** meaning, contents.
19. **bondsmen**—such as Gurth.
**touching,** concerning, as for.
21. **man of religion,** *i.e.* a priest.
**confession,** the confession of sins made by a man who expects to die.
**reconcile . . . God,** obtain forgiveness of their sins.
27. **yeoman,** *i.e.* the messenger of l. 25.

**mission,** errand, message.

P. 118, ll. 15, 16. **exercise . . . vocation,** do his duty as a priest.

19. **confess,** hear the confession of.

21. **qualified,** in possession of qualities and talents.

22. **for the nonce,** for the time.

**father confessor,** priest who hears confession.

25. **venture,** risk.

27. **russet,** *i.e.* the plain gown of a priest.

**motley,** *i.e.* the dress of a jester, made of two different colours.

28. **a friar,** a sort of monk.

30. **frock,** gown [of a priest].

31. **administer,** bestow, give.

**ghostly,** spiritual, religious.

33. **adversity,** misfortune.

P. 119, l. 1. **quoth,** said.

5. **Pax vobiscum** (LATIN), Peace be with you.

8. **deportment,** manner of walking, etc.

10. **cowl and frock,** hood and long gown.

12. **warder,** keeper of the gate.

15. **Order of St. Francis.** St. Francis (1182-1226) of Assisi founded an order of *friars,* or begging monks.

16. **office,** priestly duty.

26. **reiterated,** repeated.

28. **thieves.** An illusion to the parable of the Good Samaritan. See *S. Luke,* x. 30-37.

P. 120, l. 6. **nomen illis legio** (LATIN), their name is legion—alluding to the man possessed of devils. See *S. Luke,* viii. 30.

10. **what of,** *i.e.* if you reckon.

13. **muster,** are gathered together.

14. **brood,** family, set of men.

21. **repair,** come, hasten.

22. **shaveling,** man with a shaven head, *i.e.* a priest, the crown of whose head is always shaven.

P. 121, l. 9. **tribunal,** *i.e.* the judgment seat of God.

13. **gear,** business.

14. **uncle**—an expression of affection and respect.

26. **cord,** the rope which forms the monk's girdle.

**orders.** To *take orders* is to become a priest.

P. 122, l. 6. **good . . . is,** it is quite right.

19. **purveyed,** provided.

23. **controversy,** dispute.

25. **stool-ball,** ball used at a game called stool-ball, in which a *ball* was thrown at a *stool.* It was the origin of cricket.

28. ***without,** *adv.,* outside.

P. 123, l. 5. **cockscomb,** the ornament, like a cockscomb, worn on the jester's cap.

12. **fidelity,** faithfulness.

19. **queries,** questions, inquiries.

20. **ban,** curse.

22. **broomstick.** Witches were supposed to ride on broomsticks.

[*As Cedric endeavours to leave the castle, he is met by Rebecca, who had got from Urfried leave to attend on Wilfred. Hearing that a priest is in the castle she tries to speak with him, in order to get some help from the people outside. But Urfried drives her back, and taking Cedric aside herself tells him that she is really Ulrica, the daughter of Torquil, who was supposed to have been murdered with her father and brothers. She tells the story of her life, and how she had stirred up Reginald to murder his father in revenge for her own wrongs. Cedric urges her to repent, but she says it is too late. She has a plan to save the prisoners and destroy the castle. Cedric then encounters Front-de-Bœuf, who, supposing him to be a priest, gives him a letter to Philip de Malvoisin, asking for help against the besiegers, and dismisses him by the postern gate.*]

26. **pass-word,** saying which enables one to *pass* safely, spoken between members of one or the other side.

P. 124, l. 1. **Gothic,** having a roof with pointed arches.

3. **dependants,** retainers, servants.

13. **St. Denis.** The first Bishop of Paris, and patron saint of France, martyred about 290 A.D.

**an,** if.

15. **bid,** offer to pay.

17. **doit,** coin worth about half a farthing.

19. **biggin,** the head covering worn by young babies.

21. **St. Genevieve,** a French saint (422-512 A.D.).

25. **badge,** token. There seems no evidence that Saxon slaves actually wore such collars of servitude.

27. **varlets,** rascals.

P. 125, l. 20. **scalp,** top of the head.

26. **cardinal.** Cardinals, the chief bishops next to the Pope, wear a *red* hat.

28. **vocation,** profession, trade.

31. **heart of grace,** courage.

P. 126, l. 1. **slip collar,** escape from service.

4. **jargon,** silly talk.

5. **gaping,** opening the mouth—to slay.

18. **withdraw,** cause to retire.

22. **extends,** stretches, includes.

29. **ye list,** you like.

P. 127, l. 4. **affianced,** plighted, promised.

8. **vassal,** low-born person.
10. **House of Anjou,** *i.e.* the family of Henry II and his sons Richard I and John.
**confer,** bestow.
**wards.** Kings or nobles, at this time, had the power to give women—their *wards*—in marriage to anyone they pleased. A woman left without father or husband thereby became a *ward* of the man who was overlord of her estates.
11. **lineage,** descent by birth.
15. **thieves,** *i.e.* De Bracy's Free Companions.
16. **paltry,** mean, poor.
23. **glibness,** smoothness, ease.
26. **menial,** servant.
31. **perturbation,** alarm.
32. **Mother,** *i.e.* the Virgin Mary.
P. 128, l. 2. **owe . . . faith.** It was the duty of knights to protect *priests* as well as ladies. See Introduction.
4. **caitiffs,** wicked wretches.
10. **men of Belial,** wicked men. *Belial* is the name of a devil.
**infesters,** those who inhabit a place in large numbers and work mischief.
11. **argument,** reason for using.
16. **imposed,** laid.
21. ***quell,** kill, do away with.
31. **mantelet,** a sort of wooden screen to protect people advancing to a siege.
**pavisse,** a large shield, used in sieges, that covered the whole body of a soldier.
P. 129, l. 9. **barbican,** a small fort or building consisting of a double wall and towers, placed on the side of the moat farthest from the castle. See Illustration, p. 144.
17. **dexterously, cleverly, skilfully.**
**shun,** avoid.
21. ***practice, ways, manoeuvres.**
23. **espy,** see.
31. **demonstrations,** evidences.
P. 130, l. 10. **gore,** blood.
11. **hacqueton,** quilted leather jacket worn under the coat of mail.
**corslet,** piece of armour which covers the front part of the body.
15. **commerce,** trade.
21. **Ishmael.** See Introduction.
**Edom,** a district to the south of Palestine inhabited by Edomites, enemies of the Jews. See Introduction.
22. **Beard of Aaron.** Aaron, the brother of Moses, and first

High Priest of the Jews.
27. **answerable,** responsible.
P. 131, l. 4. ***giveth,** inclines.
10. **needfully,** carefully.
11. **proper to,** belonging to, which is the peculiar gift of.
12. **acquired,** gained.
14. **vulnerary,** suitable for wounds.
15. **prescribed,** gave instructions for.
16. **balsam,** balm, ointment.
**virtue,** good (*i.e.* healing) quality.
18. **ensuing,** following.
24, 25. **partaking . . . costume,** being arranged and decorated in the Eastern manner.
29. **habit,** dress.
**partook,** took part.
31. **swarthy,** black, of dark complexion.
P. 132, l. 6. **proper,** suitable.
17. **your handmaiden,** *i.e.* I, who am waiting on you.
19. **lord,** master. Here used only to show Rebecca's respect for Ivanhoe.
21. **tendance,** attention.
24. **emotion,** strong feeling.
27. **Catholic.** Christian devoted to the Catholic Church, and, therefore, a detester of Jews.
30. **benefactress,** woman who confers benefits, or does kindnesses.
32. **collected,** calm, not excited.
33. **candour,** openness of mind, straightforwardness.
P. 133, l. 1. **imputed,** reckoned as.
2. **prejudices,** judgments according to feeling rather than to reason.
7. **repugnance,** dislike, objection.
**grounded,** gave as *ground* or reason.
14. **of Saxon endowment,** founded by Saxons, and therefore willing to receive and help Saxons.
15. **harbourages,** places of shelter.
19. **lodging,** dwelling-place.
21. **inflicting,** dealing, causing.
22. **leech,** doctor.
25. **brook,** endure.
28. **conformable,** agreeable, obedient.
29. **Lady,** *i.e.* the Virgin Mary.
31. **bedridden,** obliged to stay in bed.
P. 134, l. 7. **blithely,** cheerfully.
24. **dignity,** dignified position, rank.
**judgment,** discrimination, opinion founded on good sense.

27. **fain,** gladly.
30. **enjoin,** give orders.
31. **reflections,** thoughts.
**apprize,** inform.
P. 135, l. 1. ***churchmen,** clergymen.
3. ***foul,** unfair, unjust.
**esteemed,** considered.
4. **designs,** intends, plans.
9. **title,** claim.
10. **quarrel,** cause of complaint.
33. **retard,** delay.
P. 136, l. 5. **regard,** affection.
8. **slot-hounds,** sleuth-hounds, dogs who closely follow the scent of, and *track* down, another animal.
14. **horn,** *i.e.* pride.
21. **symptoms,** signs of illness.
23. **precaution,** care.
29. **bred,** gave rise to, caused.
P. 137, l. 5. **relied,** trusted.
6. **deplorable,** pitiable.
22. **transferred,** given over.
25. **induced,** persuaded.
**devolve,** hand over.
32. **voluntarily,** willingly.
P. 138, l. 13. **warders,** gaolers.
18. **internally,** inwardly.
**is our portion in,** have we to do with.
24. **beleaguered,** surrounded by a besieging army.
27. **defensive,** for the purpose of defence.
P. 139, ll. 2, 3. **The quiver . . . shouting.** See *Job,* xxxix. 23-25.
5. **ardent,** eager.
6. **affray,** fight.
9. **nerveless,** powerless.
17. **instant,** near at hand.
18. **anon,** presently.
22. **lattice,** window.
**passes,** happens.
26. **random shaft,** arrow shot by chance.
P. 140, l. 1. **promptitude,** eagerness.
5. **witness,** see.
6. **report,** give an account.
7. **storm,** violent and rapid attack [of an enemy's position].
10. **outwork,** *i.e.* barbican. See note on p. 129, l. 9.
11. **meditated,** *adj.,* intended.
12. **sallyport,** small door by which those besieged could go out.
14. **palisade,** row of sharp-pointed stakes set in the ground.

16. **entertained,** were full of.
22, 25. **ensign, pennon,** flag or banner.
24. **novelty,** new idea.
28. **conspicuous,** clearly to be seen.
P. 141, l. 3. **fetterlock,** lock for fastening fetters.
**shacklebolt azure,** blue padlock.
Words derived from OLD FRENCH, such as *azure* (=blue), *vert,* (=green), are always used in describing coats of arms in the language of heraldry. See note on p. 31, l. 23.
5. ***ween,** consider, think.
9. **shows,** appears.
20. **augmented,** increased.
23. **En avant** (FRENCH), forward!
**Beau-séant** (OLD FRENCH), beautiful, well-sitting—the war-cry of the Templars, taken from the title of their striped black and white banner.
24. **Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse** (OLD FRENCH), Front-de-Bœuf to the rescue!
26. **appropriate,** suitable, well-chosen.
**phrase,** expression.
P. 142, l. 1. **cloth-yard,** of the length of a yard of cloth.
2. **sustained,** *adj.,* continued.
**discharge,** shooting [of arrows].
4. **of proof,** proved to be of a certain strength and impenetrable.
**cover,** protection, shelter.
5. **afforded,** gave opportunity for.
8. **missiles,** weapons thrown from a distance.
10. **notable,** important, worth notice.
21. ***endure,** last.
23. **archery,** shooting of arrows.
P. 143, l. 5. **press,** crowd.
6. **breach,** breaking or gap made in the wall of a besieged place.
**pass,** passage, entrance.
9. **adverse,** blowing in opposite directions.
17. **prophets,** *i.e.* Moses and Aaron.
P. 144, l. 6. **barriers,** *i.e.* outer palisade of barbican.
15. **thine own image.** See *Genesis,* i. 26.
16. **defaced,** spoilt and broken.
27. **right yeomanly,** like brave yeomen. *Yeomen* would be superior to *retainers,* who represent the lowest class of soldiers.
28. and p. 145, l. 3, **postern,** *i.e.* the door of the barbican farthest from the castle, and opposite to the *sallyport* mentioned on p. 140, l. 12.
P. 145, l. 10. **pass,** entrance.

24. **abandon,** forsake, give up.
25. **enterprise,** undertaking, action, attempt.
26. **attained,** reached, gained.
28. **field sable,** black background [in the language of heraldry].

P. 146, l. 8. **house,** family.
13. **yearning,** longing.
18. **actions of chivalry,** knightly deeds.
19. **passive,** quiet, inactive.
27. **embalms,** preserves, keeps fresh.
29. **hatchment,** the coat of arms or symbol which is placed upon a house or a tomb to show to whom it belongs. The *armour, e.g.* of the Black Prince, is hung over his tomb at Canterbury.
30. **mouldering,** decaying.
33. **Hereward,** Ivanhoe's ancestor. See Introduction. *Persons.*

P. 147, l. 5. **emprize,** dangerous undertaking.
5. **sanctions,** makes holy.
**flame,** passion of love.
12. **Gideon,** the leader of the Israelites after the time of Joshua. See *Judges,* vi. 2 and *seq.*
**Maccabaeus,** Judas Maccabaeus, a Jew who led his people in a revolt against the Romans (B.C. 165-161).
13. **ill-beseemeth,** does not become.
17. **sufferance,** pain.
19. **relaxation,** removal of excitement.
25. **Jehovah** (HEBREW) God.
26. **wrath,** anger.
29. **rend,** wrench, tear violently.
32. **fortifying,** strengthening.

P. 148, l. 6. **nether,** lower.
**appalled,** terrified.
10. **mummery,** foolish play-acting ways.
**unshod,** Carmelites, barefooted monks of the order of Mt. Carmel (founded about 1100 A.D.).
13. **foundation,** the deed by which their convent was founded. People frequently founded convents, or built churches, in order that the monks or priests might pray for their souls.
15. **unshriven,** having no priest to hear his confession (*shrift*), and grant him forgiveness of sins (*absolution*).
15. **unhouseled,** not having received the sacrament, which is taken after confession.
25. **wonted,** usual.

P. 149, l. 12. **licentious,** freely acting all kinds of wickedness.
22. **engrained,** having become a portion of the *grain* or substance of something.

25. **Jew,** *i.e.* Isaac.
**merit with Heaven,** a good deed in the sight of God.
28. **crevice,** gap, opening.
29. **plate,** plate armour—*i.e.* armour made of steel scales.
30. **parricide,** murderer of one's own father.
P. 150, l. 2. **an,** if.
4. **partaker,** one who takes a share or part.
8. **straighted,** laid out straight, as a dead body is always laid.
9. **parted,** departed, *i.e.* having died.
10. **in time . . . nature,** by reason of old age, and naturally.
11. **provoker,** one who provokes or suggests.
13. **anticipate,** give an idea of beforehand.
19. **gesture of menace,** threatening action.
31. **dog,** pursue like a *dog.*
32. **dissolution,** death.
P. 151, ll. 1, 2. **Giles . . . Stephen.** Front-de-Bœuf calls on his servants.
8. **grisly,** grim, dreadful.
19. **mêlée,** (FRENCH), crowd, midst of the battle.
28. **beacon,** bonfire placed on a hill that gives notice of an event.
P. 152, l. 3. **eddies,** forms in waves.
4. **magazine,** storehouse.
11. **Mista,** etc. Ulrica calls mockingly upon the ancient gods of her country, though the Saxons had long been Christians at this time.
13. **relinquishes,** leaves.
27. **recreant,** unbelieving, *i.e.* false to the faith or vow of knights.
33. **annihilation,** being turned into nothing.
P. 153, l. 1. **carried,** taken by force.
8. **raft,** a bridge or boat made of planks roughly fastened together.
14. **that . . . hands,** *i.e.* some business to do.
20. **endlong,** in a straight line.
21, 25. **postern,** portal. The *barbican* consisted of *two* walls, a narrow passage between, and a door (*portal* or *sallyport*) at one end and another door (*postern*) at the other. The *inner* wall is the one nearest to the castle.
22. **sallyport**=*postern,* p. 140, l. 13.
28. **precarious,** dangerous.
P. 154, l. 6. **demolished,** destroyed, cast down [of a building].
7. **counterpoise,** the weighty stone by which the drawbridge was pulled up or down.
9. **charge,** attack.
14. **precipitate,** cast, hurl.

17. **Mount joye St. Dennis** (Old French) = Mount Joy of S. Dennis—the war cry of the French. *Mount Joy* was the hill outside Paris on which S. Dennis was martyred.

18. **lever,** the instrument or tool with which the stone was being loosened.

20. **pinnacle,** pointed top of a battlement.

23. **float,** *i.e.* floating bridge.

26. **heaved,** toiled to lift.

31. **light,** slight.

P. 155, l. 3. **main gate,** *i.e.* the gate on the side of the castle farthest from the barbican. See Illustration, p. 144.

5. **relieved,** having fresh troops brought to one's assistance.

6. **quarter,** merciful terms granted to an enemy.

10. **portentous,** tremendous, enormous.

11. ***despite,** spite.

18. **vaulted,** having an arched roof.

22. **ponderous,** tremendously heavy.

24. **measured,** lay stretched.

27. **rescue or no rescue,** *i.e.* [promise to yield] even if your friends are afterwards able to rescue you.

P. 156, l. 6. **imports thee,** is important for you.

8. **present,** immediate.

21. **sensible of,** become aware of.

P. 157, l. 3. **weal and woe,** good and bad fortune.

11. **recks,** cares.

15. **foil,** defeat, succeed in opposing.

19. **menaces,** threats.

30. **he . . . fetterlock,** the man who wore the padlock device. See 141, l. 1.

P. 158, l. 10. **fray** = *affray,* p. 139, l. 6.

14. **St. Edward,** *i.e.* the Confessor. See Introduction. *Persons.*

17. **mace,** club.

18. **succession,** a number of objects or actions following one after another.

19. **levelling,** knocking down.

22. **defied,** challenged contemptuously.

24. **limb,** member.

25. **hypocritical,** pretending to be pious.

29. **discharged,** let loose, aimed.

30. **trenchant,** strong to cut and pierce.

31. **shore asunder,** cut in two.

[*Cedric had carried to the besiegers the news that Ulrica would place a red flag upon a certain tower, as a signal that they were to advance to storm the castle. She has in the meantime set fire to it. Cedric discovers and saves Rowena, and Wamba, by a trick,*

*escapes with Athelstane from their guards. Ulrica perishes in the flames.*]

**reared,** lifted.

32. **parry,** turn aside.

P. 159, l. 2. **maligners,** those who speak evil.

8. **computing,** reckoning up.

13. **footmen,** foot soldiers.

14. **pikes,** spears.

**brownbills,** a kind of pike or halberd, of which the edge of the blade was kept sharp and the other part left *brown* or rusty.

22. **butt,** cask, barrel.

[*Cedric sets free Gurth, on Wamba's request, as a reward for the jester's services. The Black Knight begs Cedric to grant his request whenever they next meet, and Cedric goes to make arrangements for Athelstane's funeral.*]

P. 160, l. 3. **suffused,** covered.

5. **irresolute,** undecided how to act.

24. **spoil,** goods and treasure taken in warfare.

**pleasure,** *v.t.,* give pleasure to.

32. **scorns,** does not deign.

P. 161, l. 1. **befall,** happen to.

9. **memorial,** remembrance.

10. **hard bested,** in difficulties, attacked by enemies.

11, 12. **wind three mots,** sound three notes.

15. **call,** signal-notes.

18. **rangers,** foresters, those who *range* or wander through the wood.

21, 22. **beshrew me an,** curse me if.

28. **distribution,** division into shares.

29. **laudable,** praiseworthy.

30. **impartiality,** fairness.

32. **unappropriated,** not claimed by anyone as his property.

P. 162, l. 2. ***meat,** food.

3. **parted,** divided.

4. **tithes,** tenth parts. The tenth part is set aside to be given to the church.

7. **in due sort,** in the proper manner.

13. **partisan,** weapon, consisting of a long staff with axe-shaped blades at each side of its head.

18. **curtal,** wearing a short (*curtal*) cloak, and therefore a mock priest.

22. **Sathanas,** Satan.

24. **Ave Maria**=*ave* (see p. 67, l. 6).

28. **ware,** things, treasure.

29. **cellarage,** cellars.

30. **runlet,** small barrel. **sack,** a sort of wine.
**was advised,** noticed, became aware of.
32. **crypt,** underground chamber or cellar.
33. **commodity,** quantity.
P. 163, ll. 1, 2. **presently rendered himself,** immediately gave himself up as.
6. **masonry,** stones of a building.
11. **halberd**=*partisan,* p. 162, l. 13.
13, 14. **spiritual weapon,** *i.e.* holy conversation.
14. **conversion,** change from a condition of unbelief to that of believing the true religion.
22. **prelate,** bishop. Isaac only uses the word out of respect, for the Friar is of course not a bishop.
26. ***substance,** wealth.
27. **Promise,** *i.e.* the promise of God to Abraham (and hence to all the Jews) that he should be blessed. See *Genesis,* xii. 3.
30. **ruth,** pity.
32. **retract vows,** break promises.
P. 164, l. 2. **staff,** wooden handle. **lustily,** heavily.
6. **St. Thomas,** *i.e.* Thomas à Becket, who, in consequence of his murder by the order of Henry II (1170 A.D.), was canonised or *sainted* by the church.
6, 7. **an I . . . gear,** if I get to work.
***mell,** meddle.
8. **maugre . . . case,** in spite of your iron helmet.
12. **bestow a buffet,** give a box on the ears.
13. **loan.** See Introduction.
22. **felled,** caused to fall.
25. **vantage,** advantage.
27. **given . . . smiter.** An allusion to *Lamentations,* iii. 30.
33. **crestfallen,** looking ashamed.
P. 165, l. 5. **barter,** exchange.
10. **cast,** kind. Cf. p. 7, l. 28.
11. **pyet,** magpie.
15. **apart,** aside.
18. **transcends,** is excellent.
24. **stall,** *i.e.* his seat in the Priory church.
P. 166, l. 7. ***list,** desire, wish.
9. **redemption,** ransom.
13. **portion,** share of worldly goods.
21. **into Assyrian bondage,** as slaves to the Assyrians. See 2 *Kings,* xv. 29.
27. **deprive,** take away from.
33. **sendal,** fine silk.
P. 167, l. 6. **yester-even,** yesterday evening.

7. **Ichabod** (HEBREW), the glory is departed. See 1 *Samuel*, iv. 21.

10. ***natheless**, nevertheless.

18. **scouts**, those who go forward from an army to spy out the movements and position of the enemy.

19. **Preceptory**, a religious house of the Knights Templars.

23. **buskins**, leather leggings.

28. **beshrew thee**, plague take you.

29. **prostrations.** Eastern nations are in the habit of throwing themselves flat upon the earth or bending very low in sign of respect to their superiors.

32. **servant**, *i.e.* me—the priest.

33. **grace**, favour and mercy.

P. 168, l. 2. **comely**, beautiful.

7. **spoilers**, robbers.

8. **the Assyrian**, etc. The Assyrians and Egyptians were both enemies of the Jews in former times.

11. **advise thee**, consider.

14. **covetous**, desirous of wealth.

15. **profusion**, extravagance in spending.
**gratify**, satisfy, please.

16. **blinded**, deceived.
**pretexts**, pretended excuses.

17. **intimately**, thoroughly.

25. **gyves**, fetters, *i.e.* prison.

28. **Usurer.** See Introduction.

P. 169, l. 5. **merchandises**, goods for sale.

7. **doublets to**, coats for.

8. **staves**, poles, sticks.

17. **intercession**, pleading, begging for a favour on behalf of another person.

24. **writing-tablets**, a sort of note-book, made of small pieces of parchment fastened togther.

27. **scruples.** Christians professed to think themselves polluted by touching what had been used by a Jew.
**dispense**, overlook.

31. **phalanx**, army.

32. **transfixed**, pierced.

P. 170, l. 1. ***enow**, enough.

10. **proffers . . . commodity**, offers of service and money.

12, 13. **is of their . . . nought**, belongs to the set of people who do nothing except in exchange for something.

16. **negotiating**, arranging the business of.

18. **ascetic rigour**, strict rules of fasting, poverty, etc.

20. **prodigal**, wasteful.
**indulgence**, luxury.

24. **bespeak,** ask for, gain.
27. **confidential,** private, concerned with private matters.
P. 171, l. 5. **confide,** entrust, speak privately of.
16. **seemly,** proper.
18. **reverend,** respectful.
20. ***fond,** foolish.
**jangling,** chattering.
21. **popinjay,** parrot.
27. **imports us,** is important for us (*i.e.* me, the Grand Master).
30. **speaks,** describes.
P. 172, l. 2. **agitator,** one who stirs up, or excites, others to rebellion.
3. **machinator,** plotter.
**impugn,** speak evil of, struggle against.
21. **doubles with,** speaks deceitfully to.
P. 173, l. 4. **Cistertian,** belonging to an order of monks founded in 1098 A.D. at Citeaux, near Dijon.
9. **Armenian.** The yellow cap mentioned on p. 10, l. 9, was similar to that worn by Armenians.
12. **interrogator,** one who asks questions.
25. **religious professions,** orders of monks.
26. **purport,** meaning.
P. 174, l. 2. **sorceress,** witch, one who works enchantments and practises magic.
7. **amend your misdoings,** correct your faults.
10. **in a sort, in one way.**
**hold . . . to ransom,** grant a ransom for.
11. **Given,** written.
32. **sigils,** mysterious written signs.
**periapts,** charms; articles hung round a person's neck to preserve him from harm or disease.
**cabalistical,** belonging to magic and mystery.
P. 175, l. 5. **matron,** elderly woman.
12. **so be it with,** may destruction come upon.
14. **spell and incantation,** magic words (*spell*), the chanting (*incantation*) of which produces miraculous effects.
18. **warrant,** permit.
22. **establishment,** institution.
23. **mansion,** large house or dwelling.
**dedicated,** devoted, intended for sacred purposes.
26. **connivance,** permission which is unacknowledged by the person granting it.
P. 176, l. 2. **to the,** so as to cause the.
**pollution,** infection with evil.
15, 16. **fondly besotted on,** foolishly absorbed in.
19. **erring,** mistaken.

20. **besotted,** utterly stupid.
25. **quean,** girl—in a contemptuous sense.
26. **enamoured,** belonging to a person in love.
30, 31. **flung . . . enchantments over,** enchanted.
32. **die the death,** *i.e.* be killed.

P. 177, l. 3. **jurisdiction,** place or persons over whom someone has authority.
24. **tribunal,** judgment seat, court of justice.
26. **offences,** crimes.

P. 178, l. 9. **depressed,** bent down.
18. **mystic,** possessing mysterious powers and having a hidden meaning.
**symbol,** *i.e.* the 8-pointed cross. See p. 6, l. 7.
21. **superior,** priest or monk of higher rank.
33. **Venite . . . Domino** (LATIN), O come, let us sing unto the Lord. The beginning of Psalm xcv.

P. 179, l. 10. **companions,** *i.e.* the ordinary knights who had no superior rank.
27. **aspire to.** Esquires or squires hoped to become *knights*. See Introduction.
30. **infamous,** monstrously wicked.
31. **sortileges,** drawing lots—for the purposes of enchantment.
33. **secular,** *i.e.* not belonging to a religious order.

P. 180, l. 10. **associated . . . himself,** taken as his companion.
19. **congregation,** society, assembly.
27. **Satan . . . dominion,** the Evil Spirit had gained possession.
30. **backsliding,** fault.
32. **purify,** make clean.
**iniquity,** guilt, sin.
33. **instrument,** *i.e.* Rebecca, the *cause* of his fault.

P. 181, l. 1. **wellnigh,** very nearly.
4. **sum and bearing thereof,** the total amount and meaning of it.
14. **chivalrous,** knightly.
17. **evidence,** account given by a witness in a trial or legal proceeding.
19. **studied,** took pains, endeavoured.
21. **infer,** imply.
22. **alienation of mind,** madness.
25. **contrition,** sorrow for sin, repentance.
30. **irregular,** not according to the *regulations,* or rules [of the Order].

P. 182, l. 1. **conversation,** behaviour.
7. **license of speech,** leave to speak.
18. **Avoid thee, Sathanas,** begone, Satan. The Grand Master speaks thus, hoping to drive away the Evil Spirit.

19. **conjure,** entreat, and appeal to some higher power to aid my entreaty.
24. **impeached,** attacked, accused.
26. **Christendom,** all Christian peoples and countries.
29. **achievements,** deeds of valour.
30. **cometh of,** is caused by.
31. **worship,** worth, goodness.
32. **aught to witness,** anything to say, or relate.

P. 183, l. 7. **bar,** limit within which are the judges, etc., who conduct a trial.
9. **testimony,** witness.
12. ***sore,** serious, heavy.
20. **ill hap,** bad fortune.
22. **operated . . . kindly,** had any the less good effect.
24. **tampering,** meddling.
25. **trinketing,** playing.
26. **sons of mischief,** *i.e.* Jews.
27. **unguent,** ointment.

P. 184, l. 2. **characters,** written letters.
3, 4. **stood apothecary,** been the doctor.
6. **tongues,** languages.
7. **The Lion . . . conquered.** See *Revelation,* v. 5.
9. **convert . . . into blasphemy,** turn into wickedness.
11. **ingredients,** elements of which a substance is composed.
12. **mediciners,** people learned in the use of medicine.
13. **barber.** Barbers formerly acted as surgeons and doctors.
**avouched,** confessed.
15. **savoured,** tasted.
**camphire,** camphor.
17. **research,** examination, enquiry.
32. **wont,** custom.
**daughters,** women.

P. 185, l. 10. **handled,** treated.
11. **disrobed,** undressed.
12. **grooms,** fellows.
15. **elders,** chiefs.
16. **ill-fated,** unfortunate.
18. **bashfulness,** shyness.
**contended,** struggled, was mingled.
29. **lamentations,** utterances of grief.

P. 186, l. 6. **disengaged itself,** came away.
7. **stanched,** stopped.
10. **legend,** story.
15. **extracted,** drawn out.
28. **suffrages,** votes or opinions.
32. **invoke,** call upon, ask for.

P. 187, l. 4. **Founder,** *i.e.* God, whom both Jews and Gentiles worship.

8. **vindicate,** clear from guilt.

10. **surmises,** guesses, imaginations.

11. **victim.** Bois-Guilbert, the *tyrant,* was the *victim* if the stories told about Rebecca were true.

16. **affirmance,** saying that something was so, had really happened.

17. **protestations,** declarations bearing witness of the truth.

22. **calumnious,** full of wicked untruth, slanderous.

P. 188, l. 2. **convulsed,** brought into convulsions, twisted awry.

7. **inscribed,** written.

9. **interpretation,** explanation.

11. **parchment,** substance used for writing upon, before paper was invented.

29. **trial by combat.** 32. **lay . . . rest,** p. 189, l. 6. **gage.** See Introduction.

P. 189, l. 12, and p. 192, l. 19. ***practice,** wicked plotting.

15. **vessel of perdition,** body which contains a soul doomed to be lost.

20, 21. **that . . . repented of,** such a repentance, or giving up of sin, as no one can be sorry for.

24, 25. **delivered . . . Sinai.** Moses, who led the Jews out of Egypt, received the tables of the law from God on Mount Sinai in Arabia. See *Exodus,* xix. 16.

29. **unskilled,** not clever enough.

P. 190, l. 23. **defamed,** accused.

P. 191, l. 11. **assign,** appoint.

15. **wagering,** risking.

16. **approved,** tried and proved, experienced.

18. **field . . . foughten,** fight must take place.

19. **divers,** several.

22. **effectual,** capable of use.

25. **who can,** *i.e.* that the devil can.

**array,** clothe.

27. **if . . . hap,** perhaps.

P. 192, l. 8. **discomfited,** defeated.

14. **chapter,** assembly of the chiefs or principal persons of an abbey or monastery.

**engrossed,** wrote in large letters.

18. **attainted,** accused formally.

22. **disloyal,** unfaithful, untrue.

23. **avouch,** prove the truth of.

**case,** cause.

**devoir** (FRENCH), duty. See Introduction.

24. **all . . . sort,** every way suitable to a knight.

25. **appertain,** belong.
27. **puissant,** mighty.
**allow of,** permit.
P. 193, l. 12. **hire,** reward.
18. **charity,** kindness.
22. **happy were . . . fleet,** I should be happy if my limbs were swift.
26. **disposer,** one who arranges, or decides.
30. **if . . . spirit,** if the spirit comes from heaven, is a heavenly one.
33. **life. . . . haste,** life or death [to me] depends upon your speed.
P. 194, l. 4. **capul,** rough, poor sort of horse.
6. **fortuned,** happened.
18. **insensible,** unconscious.
22. **solicitude,** attentive care.
24. **Benoni** (HEBREW), child of sorrow. See *Genesis,* xxxv. 18.
28. **father in Israel,** one of the chief people of the Jews.
31. **Beltheshazzar,** a Babylonish name given to Daniel during his captivity. See *Daniel,* i. 7.
33. **wreak,** work.
P. 195, l. 1. **comely favour,** beauty.
3, 4. **gourd of Jonah,**—which grew up in one day and withered in one night. See *Jonah,* iv. 6.
6. **encompassed,** surrounded.
7. **peradventure,** perhaps.
15. **promise.** See note on p. 163, l. 27.
16. **multiplied,** added abundantly.
18. **witchcraft,** practising magic as a witch.
30. **bondage,** slavery, captivity.
33. ***withal,** with.
35. **gird,** wrap around.
P. 196, l. 3. **tidings,** news, report.
4. **he,** *i.e.* Richard.
5. **his signet,** *i.e.* a paper signed with the king's seal.
7. **purposed,** intended.
9. **compassion,** pity.
**exile,** banished person, one who is driven out from his native country.
19. **event,** issue, result.
21. **qualify,** limit, or alter, the meaning of.
P. 197, l. 9. **discourse,** way of speaking.
10. **misery,** a miserable person.
11. **despair,** a despairing person.
12. **protracted,** stretched out in time, made to last long.

13. **diabolical,** devilish.
**bigotry,** intolerance [in religion].
21. **bucklered,** protected, as if with a shield or buckler.
29. **eternity,** everlasting existence, time which has no end.
P. 198, l. 1. **most fain would I,** I would most gladly.
2. **dotard,** stupid old man, *i.e.* the Grand Master.
6. **fantastic,** ridiculous and imaginary.
9. **concurred,** agreed.
10. **assert,** prove certain, make public declaration of.
14. **trim their bark,** weight their ship, *i.e.* act according to circumstances.
15. **make . . . wind,** cause even a contrary wind to be useful.
20. **birthright,** privilege, or advantage, possessed by reason of birth.
22. **conviction,** convinced opinion.
26. **bandy,** exchange.
32. **respite,** putting off for a time, delay.
P. 199, l. 5. **fanatical,** full of absurd, exaggerated ideas and beliefs.
6. 7. had **devolved,** would have been given over.
11. **roving,** errant, wandering.
29. **stipulations,** conditions, terms [of a bargain, or treaty].
P. 200, l. 1. **doting penitent,** feeble-minded foolish person confessing his sins.
**ghostly father,** priest.
2. **tricky confessional,** place where sins are confessed to a priest who often (according to Bois-Guilbert) plays *tricks* upon, or deceives the penitent.
7. **wielded,** possessed and used.
11. **state,** position in life.
17. **championed,** being in possession of a champion.
19. **on equal issue,** with the chance of success equal on both sides.
27. **tapestry.** Rebecca compares her fate to piece of worked cloth (*tapestry*), one side of which shows a pattern and colours different from the other side.
P. 201, l. 4. **forego,** do without, give up.
8. **Regent.** See Introduction.
13. **requital,** something given in exchange for another gift.
16. **counterbalance,** weigh as a consideration against.
20. **recommends,** teaches.
24. **magnanimity,** greatness of soul, generosity.
**barter,** exchange of goods.
26. **impose,** force conditions upon.
31. **spheres,** positions, combinations of circumstances.
**ample,** wide, large.

33. **Conrade, Prince of Tyre,** one of the leaders in the Third Crusade (1189-93).

P. 202, l. 4. **contemn,** despise.

5. **Mount Carmel,** in the south of Palestine.

21. **crest,** *i.e.* pride.

24. **degrade,** bring into disgrace.

P. 203, l. 3. **sustain,** endure the thought of.

5. **conversed,** had to do.

16. **daughter of Jacob,** *i.e.* Jewess.

26. **conversant with,** accustomed to use.

**ingot,** a mass of steel or gold not yet coined.

29. **bankrupt,** ruined, penniless.

30. **spoken,** described.

33. **wrought . . . marvels,** did wonders,—such as the miracles of Moses. See *Exodus,* xiv., etc.

P. 204, l. 4. **northern heathens.** The Templar was a Norman by birth, and thus descended from the heathen Northmen, who came from Scandinavia and conquered the portion of Gaul called Normandy after them.

8. **yon besotted skeleton,** that utterly foolish old man.

9. **reluctance,** regret.

19. **fatality,** evil chance.

23. **adamantine,** made of adamant, the strongest metal or substance that exists.

27. **author,** one who causes, or brings about.

30. **conspired,** agreed together.

P. 205, l. 1. **shoal,** *i.e.* crowd.

[*Fitzurse brings the news of the siege of Front-de-Bœuf's castle to Prince John at the Castle of York, where he is gathering his faction. Then De Bracy appears and tells them that Richard is in England. John forms a plot with Waldemar to attack Richard as he passes through the forest, and tries in vain to get De Bracy to join in it.*]

4. **inflexible,** unbending, unchanging.

13. **religious house,** convent, or monastery, where monks or nuns live.

27. **reconcile,** make one friends with another.

29. **distinguished,** described, named.

P. 206, l. 3. **e'er a hunter,** any huntsman.

**frequents,** is accustomed to pass through.

4, 5. **partly seen,** had some opportunity of seeing.

6. **an,** if.

22. **pitcher,** jug.

**ere . . . Saxon,**—because the Saxons were great drinkers of beer and wine.

28. **mail,** baggage.

32. **afford,** give.
P. 207, l. 6. **I trow,** I think, imagine.
11. **their harvest,** *i.e.* time for making plenty of plunder.
**reinforced,** strengthened by additional forces.
17. **impediment,** opposition.
25. **rascaille** (OLD FRENCH), rascals.
P. 208, l. 2. **gamut,** scale of musical notes.
6. **Valour and Folly,** *i.e.* a fool and a brave knight.
9. **license,** privilege of free action.
13. **shew . . . heels,** run away.
17. **sooth,** truth.
**jangle,** quarrel.
24. **brake,** thicket.
28. **morrion,** helmet, or steel cap, without a visor.
30, 31. **Clerks of St. Nicholas,** *i.e.* thieves. See note on p. 85. l. 31.
P. 209, l. 6. **armourer,** *i.e.* the maker of the helmet, who had made it strong enough to resist the arrows.
7. **close,** *v.,* come to close quarters.
10. **at full career,** at full speed.
11. **splintered,** broke into splinters.
19. **St. Edward . . . St George.** See notes on p. 158, l. 14, and p. 83, l. 25.
20. **invocation,** exclamation, appeal to the saints.
27. **felon,** treacherous, cruel.
33. **bear back,** retreat.
P. 210, l. 1. **weaponed,** armed with weapons.
17. **hamstringing,** cutting the thigh of.
29. **concerns,** is important for.
P. 211, l. 2. **armourer,** one who puts off and on the armour of a knight.
**equerry,** one who assists the knight to mount or dismount his horse.
7. **grizzled,** beginning to turn grey.
14. **father,** *i.e.* Henry II, all of whose sons rebelled against him.
21. **lion,** *i.e.* Richard Cœur-de-Lion.
24. **prostrate carcasses,** bodies of dead animals,—that have no power of resistance.
28. **felony,** cruel, wicked crime.
32, 33. **behests . . . disputed,** commands must not be questioned.
P. 212, l. 1. **skulking,** sneaking, treacherous.
8. **tendered . . . allegiance,** promised to obey him as their sovereign.
10. **misdemeanours,** faults, bad behaviour.

15. **liegemen,** subjects; those who are bound to obey.

17. **liege,** sovereign.

[*Ivanhoe follows Richard privately, and finds him being entertained by the outlaws after his rescue. Richard is for remaining and amusing himself, but Ivanhoe persuades him to go to the castle of Coningsburgh.*]

24. **erected,** built.

P. 213, ll. 3, 4. **held expedient,** considered prudent.

8. **representatives,** persons who stand for, or represent, a large number of individuals of the same class.

9. **adjacent,** lying near together.

16. **sewer,** servant who waits at the table and serves wine in great houses.

22. **excavated,** dug out.

23. **buttress,** thick wall placed outside and leaning against the main wall of a building to strengthen and support it.

**flambeaux** (FRENCH), lights, candles, torches.

28. **soul-scat** (ANGLO-SAXON), sum of money paid to priests, so that they may pray for the soul of a dead person.

30. **deceased,** dead.

32. **bier,** stretcher upon which a dead body is carried.

P. 214, l. 2. **weal,** welfare, salvation.

7. **oratory,** room or chapel for prayer.

8. **enlightened,** gave light to.

11. **wimple,** a sort of veil or hood drawn over the head and round the neck and chin, leaving the face uncovered, such as nuns still wear.

**cypress,** a sort of crape.

**enhanced,** set off, added to the appearance of.

13. **consistent,** able to exist at the same time.

**resignation,** the acceptance of misfortune in a humble spirit.

26. **want,** be without.

P. 215, l. 3. **bedecking,** decorating.

4. **pall,** covering for a bier.

9, 10. **deemed it proper,** thought it well.

25. **deposit therein,** *i.e.* give up, get rid of.

P. 216, ll. 3, 4. **Plantagenet, Anjou.** Geoffrey *Plantagenet,* Duke of *Anjou,* was the grandfather of Richard I, and founder of the greatness of his (*the Angevin*) family.

10. **man-sworn,** promise-breaking.

***niddering,** worthless.

14. **quelling of dissension,** putting an end to disputes and quarrelling.

24. **topic,** subject [of conversation].

27. **treat . . . union,** consider a new marriage for her before that time.

29. **cerements,** cloths which wrap the body of a dead person.

P. 217, l. 18. **cloven,** cut in two.

22. **flatlings,** with its flat side; not with the sharp point.

30. **Sacristan,** man who has charge of the *sacristy* or room in a church in which vestments and sacred vessels, etc., are kept.

P. 218, l. 2. **medicated,** drugged so as to cause sleep.

4. **swathed,** tied with linen bands.

12. **even,** very much.

15. **invigorated,** strengthened.

16. **totty,** tottering from the effects of drink.

17. **turnkey,** gaoler who locks up (*turns* the *key* on) prisoners.

**beside the staple,** away from the doorpost. See note on p. 68, l. 6.

22. **shackles,** chains and fastenings.

23. **emaciated,** having become thin and wasted.

27. **corpse-hood,** the white cloth that is bound round the head of a corpse.

28. **quest,** search.

32. **auspicious,** favourable, full of good promise.

P. 219, l. 7. **Confessor,** *i.e.* Edward the Confessor.

19. **a truce . . . upbraidings,** leave off scolding.

20, 21. **marvellous mortifiers of,** wonderful destroyers of.

29. **abjure,** swear to give up.

P. 220, l. 17. **die . . . cast,** *i.e.* as though a game of chance were to be played in which *dice* are thrown (*cast*).

20. **wake,** festival.

**rural,** belonging to the country, rustic.

P. 221, l. 5. ***trumpets,** trumpeters.

8. **furniture,** harness, trappings, etc.

9. **cap-à-pie** (Old French), from head to foot.

24. **making,** being made.

30. **familiarize,** make acquainted.

33. **godfather,** one who speaks and acts for another person.

P. 222, l. 14. **devoir,** duty as a herald, *i.e.* to make proclamation about the combat, cf. p. 32, l. 22.

16. **oyez** (Old French), hear, listen.

18. **of free blood,** born free.

**sustain the quarrel,** fight on behalf of.

19. **allowed and allotted.** Legal terms, meaning 'permitted and granted.'

20. **appellant,** the accused person, who *appeals* to the trial by combat to prove her innocence.

32. **thee,** thyself.

P. 223, l. 2. **me,** myself.

4. **challenge,** claim as a right.
5. **forms,** the customs of such a trial.
**opportunity,**—to help.
7. **uttermost,** utmost, longest.
11. **Pagan,** non-Christian person.
**impeach,** accuse.
12. **shadows . . . eastward,** *i.e.* the sun sets.
31. **listed,** enclosed within lists.

P. 224, l. 1. **keep . . . time,** are aware of what is going on.
3. **destined,** intended.
**consume,** destroy, devour.
4 **passage,** journey.
12. **erase,** cancel, rub out.
15. **scutcheon,** coat of arms. A disgraceful deed in a knight is thought to bring, as it were, a *blot* or *stain* on his coat of arms.
28. **attend,** await.

P. 225, l. 6. **sorcery,** witchcraft.
8. **pledge . . . forfeited,** claim of innocence to be given up.
14. **timely,** coming just in time.
25. **truthless,** without truth.
29. **Monseigneur** (FRENCH), my lord—a title intended to add respect to the mention of the saint.
33. **nameless,** without well-known or honourable name.

P. 226, l. 6. **purvey thee,** provide yourself with.
8. **bravade,** boasting.
29. **plight,** bodily condition.

P. 227, l. 1. **commend,** entrust.
10. **assumed,** taken—from the esquire.
17, 18. **faites . . . chevaliers** (FRENCH), do your duties, brave knights.
21. **Laissez aller** (FRENCH), let (them) go.

P. 228, l. 3. **yield him,** give himself up.
13. **pallid,** pale.
14. **unscathed,** not harmed.
18. **fiat . . . tua** (LATIN), may thy (*i.e.* God's) will be done.

[*Richard had intended to act himself as Rebecca's champion, but arrived too late, having met with the Earl of Essex, who warned him of John's designs. After the combat, he appears at the head of a body of soldiers, and arrests Albert de Malvoisin as a traitor for having conspired against him with Prince John. He gives Beaumanoir the choice of remaining as a guest in the Preceptory, which he now takes possession of for himself, or of departing in safety with his personal followers. Beaumanoir chooses the latter alternative, and Richard punishes all the traitors except John, whom he sends to his mother with a warning. Athelstane gives up his pretensions to the hand of Rowena and retires into private life.*]

19. **judicial,** legal, for the purpose of giving judgment.
23. **tushed and pshawed,** uttered exclamations of disgust and impatience.
26. **dynasty,** royal family.
27. **aversion,** dislike.
28. **undermined,** diminished, left without foundation.
P. 229, l. 4. **dealt with,** worked upon.
8. **nuptials,** wedding.
9. **most august of temples,** most stately of churches.
12. **made acquainted,** informed.
14. **solicited,** entreated.
15. **parley,** conversation.
20. **shrouded,** wrapped.
24. **propitiate,** seek humbly for.
26. **visitant,** visitor.
31. **deference,** respectful manner.
P. 230, l. 4. **homage . . . country,** the way of shewing respect that is used in my country.
6. **odds,** risks.
14. **transmit,** convey, give.
18. **Mohammed Boabdil.** The Moors or Arabs, who had become Mahometans, conquered Spain at the beginning of the 8th century, and now ruled in that portion of Spain called Granada. They were kind to the Jews. Several of their kings were called Abu Abdallah (=Boabdil).
20. **for . . . ransom,** in return for tribute.
30. **abode,** dwelling place.
P. 231, l. 7. **breeding,** education.
9. **indulge,** grant.
10. **deign,** be kind enough.
30. **casket,** ornamental box or case.
31. **silver-chased,** decorated with silver.
P. 232, l. 1. **tendering,** offering.
3. **consequence,** value.
7. **toys,** trifles.
14. **wean . . . law,** convert you from your mistaken religion.
P. 233, l. 5. **bark that wafts,** ship that carries.
6. **under weigh,** ready to sail.

# QUESTIONS, HINTS, AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS

1. Make a list of the personages in *Ivanhoe,* dividing them into the following classes: (*a*) Royal persons, (*b*) Barons or landowners, (*c*) Knights, (*d*) Priests or monks, (*e*) Yeomen or outlaws, (*f*) servants, slaves or labourers, (*g*) Miscellaneous, *i.e.* not included in any of the other classes.

2. What differences, if any, do you notice between the relations of the different classes above named to each other, as described in *Ivanhoe,* and the relations that exist at the present day?

3. How are Jews treated at present (*a*) in England, (*b*) in Germany, (*c*) in Russia?

4. Make a map of the different places mentioned in *Ivanhoe,* and trace in colour the routes taken by the various characters on their way to different points.

5. What do you gather from the story about the ideas of Chivalry in regard to (*a*) conduct towards women, (*b*) good manners towards knights?

Which of the Knights was the most perfect in these respects? Can you discover any point in which even he would differ from a "gentleman" of the present day?

6. Make a diagram of the lists at Ashby, showing, by colour or otherwise, the position of the various spectators and combatants.

7. Is there anything in the book that would lead you to think the writer was fond of or had a knowledge of horses or dogs?

8. What do you gather about the practice of Archery from this book? Give instances from English or other history of well-known events, battles or murders, etc., in which bows and arrows were used.

9. Make a drawing of a long-bow, a cross-bow, a lance, a partisan, a helmet with visor, a castle, a knight on horseback.

10. Give an account of the siege of Torquilstone, illustrating it with a diagram showing the movements of the persons concerned.

11. Make a ballad, or doggerel verses, relating the events of the Tournament at Ashby, using the words of the book, as far as possible, for the dialogue parts.

12. Make a list of any books or poems that you have read (in any language) in which single combats occur. Are any incidents in these similar to those described in *Ivanhoe*?

13. It will be found to add great interest to class-work, if certain portions are either learnt by heart for dramatic recitation or read in parts, the readers taking the positions indicated in the book. The vigour and swing of Scott's sentences cause them to be readily fixed in the memory, and a repetition of prose passages is an excellent cure for the sing-song which a vast majority of children tend to use in repeating verse. The following portions may be thus utilized.

(1) The scene in the dining-hall at Rotherwood.

(2) The conversation between Wilfred and Rebecca during the siege.

(3) The dialogue between the King and the Hermit.

(4) The Trial of Rebecca.

14. Give some account, from your own observation, of the kind of language and phrases used (*a*) by the Jews, (*b*) by the clergy (monks, friars, etc.), (*c*) by the knights, (*d*) by the clown in *Ivanhoe*, and state, if you can, whence Scott may have borrowed or derived hints for the language used.

# SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

1. The life of the author may be profitably read, either (*a*) Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* which, originally published in 1837-9, is still the standard biography, or one of the innumerable shorter accounts, such as (*b*) *Scott,* by R. H. Hutton, in the "English Men of Letters Series" (Macmillan, 2s. net). Scott's work in literature was so much a part of himself that some acquaintance with the facts of his life is helpful towards the understanding of his books.

2. One of the best introductions for young readers to the ideas of Chivalry is Malory's *Morte d' Arthur.* The Globe edition (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) contains an introductory essay on Chivalry.

3. The actual history of the period may be studied in such detailed accounts as Miss K. Norgate's *John Lackland,* Turner's *Anglo Saxons,* or in the shorter "period" histories, such as Longmans' *Epochs,* Black's *English History from Original Sources,* Nutt's *English History from Contemporary Writers,* etc. *The Jews,* by J. K. Hosmer, in the "Story of the Nations" Series (Unwin, 5s.), contains chapters on the mediaeval period.

4. For *Ivanhoe* itself, further information will be found in the Complete Text with author's and editor's introduction and notes (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)

5. Mrs. Armitage's *Key to English Antiquities* (Townsend, Sheffield, 5s.) is an excellent introduction to the study of English topography and archaeology, and happens besides to deal with a great part of the *Ivanhoe* district.

6. Almost any collection of ballads contains specimens of the "Robin Hood" story, illustrative of Locksley and his feats.

7. Pupils should be able to borrow from the local or school library some solid book on Manners and Customs with good illustrations, such as Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes,* with which Scott himself was well acquainted, Hone's *Everyday Book,* or, for costume alone, Planché's *Cyclopaedia and Dictionary of Costume* (2 vols., 4to, 1876), etc.

8. Pupils should above all be led to study the Antiquities of their own district or of any other that may be accessible. Scarcely a village church in England is without some hint of the past, some mediaeval tomb or inscription, the careful examination of which is better than much reading. Most neighbourhoods moreover possess some vestige of a "castle," or, at worst, a local museum with specimens of ancient armour, clothing, or utensils, etc.

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